CHICAGO LEDGER

VOL. XLVI. NO. 27 CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1918 5 CENTS A COPY

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ANNIE B. QUIMBY

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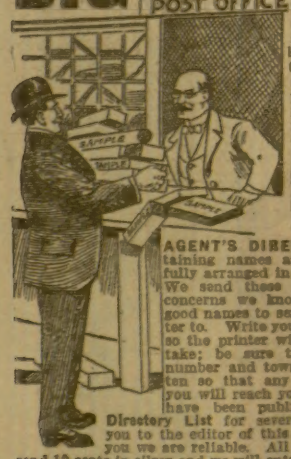

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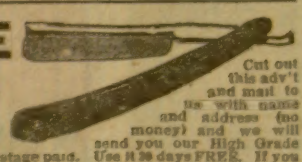

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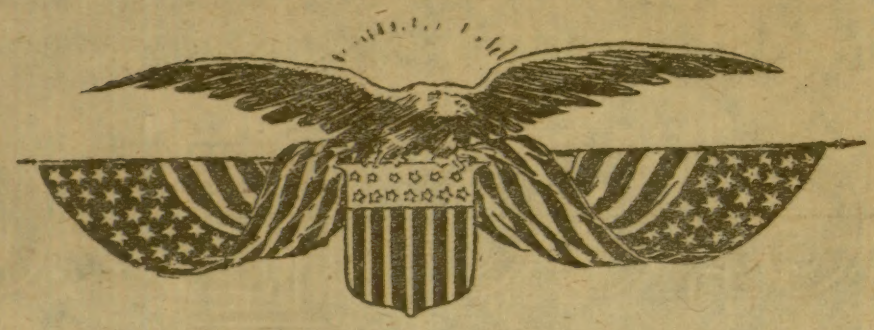

# The Editor Has His Say Here

SHE was a very little girl—about 10 or 11 years of age—and the editor ran across her in one of the big Chicago parks on a hot summer day, sprawled out on the grass, immersed in a magazine that somehow had a familiar look. "I see you are reading the Chicago Ledger," interrupted the editor. "I read it every week, too." The girl brought herself back to earth with a visible effort. "I was helping to whip the Huns in an airfight," she said. "If you read 'The Avenger of Helgoland' in this number you will remember it." The editor nodded. "When I get to reading the Ledger," she went on, "I forget where I am and begin to think that I am right with the people in the stories and sometimes I can make myself believe I am one of them. Why once I was so interested in a story in which a man was in a fight and he seemed to be getting the worst of it and I wanted to help him out so much that I cut loose with my fist and—blam. I hit my kid sister in the eye." She laughed merrily and added: "I had an awful hard time convincing mother I didn't do it on purpose because sister and I had been fussing a few minutes before over which was going to get the Ledger first."

THE editor and the little girl talked quite a good deal more about the Ledger and stories in general, and she doesn't know yet who he is, but she certainly gave him a good insight into what kind of stories people want to read. Any editor who could always know just what would interest people most could command a salary of a million dollars. The other day the highest paid editor in America wrote a little article on "What Interests People" and the magazine paid him $500 for it. Now this editor is said to be able to guess better than any other in the country just what will interest people. He has proved it, too, because any paper that he takes hold of gets thousands of new readers immediately. Yet at the end of his article he admitted that he did not know what interests people except in a general way. And—he offered to give the $500 to any person who would tell him best what interests people. We believe that in a newspaper it is something closely connected with themselves or their interests. In a fiction publication we believe it is stories which are so true to life that the reader can put himself in the place of one of the principals or a spectator and virtually live the story himself. That is one of the tests which all stories accepted by the Ledger must meet. If the editor or his assistants get so thoroly interested in a story that they forget they are in a prosaic office in a dusty, hot city and picture themselves in the mountains or the woods or a far country, then the author has gone a long way toward getting his story accepted. If at the same time he has a story to tell, he is certain to win out.

SO WITH the little girl who was reading the Ledger. Her interest had been so captivated by the story that she was reading that she had hit her little sister in the eye on one occasion because she was trying to help the hero in the story, and, at another time, she had become so absorbed she imagined she was fighting a duel with the Huns in the skies. If that is the effect which the Ledger stories have on you, we are getting very, very close to you indeed and the Ledger has gone a long way toward achieving its mission. It is because the editor wants you to feel that both you and he belong to one big family that he writes this column every week. Sometimes this is not an easy matter, an editor wants to be interesting if he can when talking to his readers. But weather conditions or a grouch, brought on by lack of sleep or the ever-rising cost of living, make this impossible. And he wonders if, after all, his readers care very much whether he writes his column or not. Then along comes a letter like the following from Bloomfield, Ky.: "We read with interest and admiration the talks by Mr. Boyce in the Blade each week. Also the chats with the editor on Page 2 of the Ledger are entertaining and a very pleasant innovation." Which often is stimulation enough to make the editor sit right down and be sorry when he has used up all the space allotted him.

ANYWHERE you go you will find people who know the Blade and Ledger. In Washington, D. C., the other day, Mr. Boyce was attending a baseball game between members of Congress, and one man distinguished himself as a hitter. After the game he met Mr. Boyce and at once said: "Why, I know you. I used to sell your Blade and Ledger when I was a boy and I've always been interested in them." And just the other day we got a letter from an officer in France who said that in the front line trenches he had picked up a copy of the Ledger and had become so interested in a story that he wanted us to send him the other issues in which it appeared. From down in far-away South America a reader complains that he is shy an issue and he thinks it went down with a mail ship sunk by a German torpedo. So it goes. The story that you are reading with so much interest today may be interesting either some other subscriber half way around the world, or your next door neighbor.

ONE of our assistants is going into the Army in a few days. As his parting work for us he is preparing for the printers some of the serials which we will publish this summer. He came into the office a few minutes ago and he said: "That is a dandy story I am working on now. I have said in the past that a story couldn't be beat and every time I start on a new one I get so enthusiastic I think it eclipses anything I ever saw in the Ledger." The particular story to which he referred this time is to be given you in three parts, beginning with the issue of July 27. It is by a well known writer, George Ethelbert Walsh, who called it "The Deserters." It is a story of our Navy in wartime and it deals with two brothers, both of them officers. One of them is a defaulter. Both are in love with the same girl. One must be a sacrifice. The innocent one assumes the blame and paves the way for extraordinary adventures. We are sure you will like it.

NOW a few words about the Ledger which will reach you next week. We thought we had picked the story which would lead it off when along came a long short story entitled, "Norah's Bandit." It is a refreshing yarn of the West and a girl and bandits and posses and love and adventure, and it is vividly told. The story so impressed us that we decided to give it to you at once. It will appear complete next week. Then we will have a story of the mountains, of the stern code which rules the simple, stalwart people who live amid nature's wilds, of a criminal who was lured back to the scene of his crime many years afterwards and how retribution, sure and swift, overtook him. The story is called "The Law of the Cumberlands." In another story Robert W. Chambers takes you to the Caribbean, to one of its characteristic islands in a splendidly stirring story of love and sacrifice—"The Dawn of Understanding." Then, too, we will have for you stories of everyday life right here at home, breathing of the things with which we are all familiar and which might have happened to any of us. A pretty good lineup, we hope you will find it.

*The Editor.*


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# CHICAGO LEDGER

*PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY*
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 NORTH DEARBORN STREET.

Entered as second-class matter at the postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under act of March 3, 1879.

VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., JULY 6, 1918. No. 27.

*Beginning an Unusual Four-part Story*

# Jack Urquart's Double

By Annie B. Quimby

The Memory of the Things She Loved, and Was About to Leave, Touched the Girl's Childish Heart and Her Voice Was Choked With Sobs.

## CHAPTER I.

### A MYSTERIOUS WOMAN.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

A BITTERLY cold November wind rattled the windows of the courtroom. The sound was dismal, ghostly. As night closed over the world, like a great, black death shroud, the lights in the courtroom seemed to glow more brightly. A figure moved slowly from one of the benches into the circle of light at the judge's bench. The judge frowned at first. This was the last case on the docket to be heard that day.

The judge eyed the woman before him, coldly. He observed she really was not full grown, but still a girl, despite the fact that she clasped a little child to her breast. He also noticed that the young woman's hair was dark and luxuriant, and that it was plastered in damp mats and strings about her shoulders. Her dress, too, was of material which once had been costly. It also was wet, and clung closely about her knees.

"What's the charge?" the judge snapped at the policeman who had brought the woman into the courtroom.

"She tried to kill herself and the child, your honor. I pulled her out of the water about an hour ago," said the policeman.

The child suddenly gave a feeble cry. The woman pressed it closer and tried to comfort it.

"What is your name?" the judge asked the woman.

She did not appear to hear the question, and went on trying to comfort the child.

The judge repeated his question.

"I have no name," she replied, in a cold, despairing voice, that sent a chill to the hearts of those who listened.

"You have no name?" the judge asked in surprise. "But think, my good woman; you must have some sort of a name."

But the young woman shook her head.

"I once bore an honest name, but I exchanged it for another, and I have lost that," she said wearily.

The judge looked puzzled, and the policeman hastened to explain:

"Yer honor, the doctor who examined her is of the opinion that she is of unsound mind."

The judge's face cleared.

"Her appearance would certainly justify that suspicion," he said.

The unfortunate creature pressed the child closer to her breast, and gazed vacantly about. She seemed not to realize that the eyes of a hundred curious people were fixed upon her haggard, colorless face.

"Is there anybody present who recognizes this woman?" the judge asked.

No one present seemed to know anything about her.

The doctor who had examined the strange woman said she ought to be placed in confinement, despite the fact that she was dangerous to no one save herself and child. It was probable that her attempted suicide was the result of a disastrous love affair, or perhaps she was a married woman deserted by her husband. But more probably she was one of the unfortunate in whom the shame of dishonored motherhood had produced insanity. She was obviously a person of refinement and education.

The woman still pressed the child close to her heart, and gazed about her. There was strength in the firm lips, wisdom in the large, expressive eyes, power in the broad brow, and indefinable charm about the tall, graceful figure.

"She must have friends somewhere," said the judge, and turning to the woman he asked kindly: "Try to remember your name, my good woman. Your husband's name was——"

She seemed not to hear, and pressed the child closer to her breast to still its feeble cry.

The judge tried again:

"What is your baby's name—Tommie, Willie, Johnnie, Dick?"

The woman looked at him strangely for a minute, as tho trying to grasp his meaning, then her face brightened.

"My baby's name is John," she said faintly, "but I call him Jack. He's such a dear baby, and he's all I have."

Again the hopeless look settled upon her face, and she held the child cuddled against her cheek.

The judge coughed violently, and his voice sounded a little hoarse when he spoke again.

"But what is your baby's other name? Jack—what?"

The woman tottered and would have fallen had not the policeman who had rescued her from the river caught her in his arms.

Acting on the doctor's suggestion the woman was committed to an asylum, and the infant sent to Saint Joseph's Orphanage, on the Richmond road.

Six months later, a woman young and beautiful, yet with the unmistakable stamp of pain and care upon her face, walked briskly up the steps of Saint Joseph's Orphanage and rang the bell.

"I wish to see the matron," she announced to the trim little maid who answered the bell.

She was shown into a parlor, and a few minutes later the matron appeared.

The matron listened to the woman's story, and a look of distress stole over her motherly face.

"I am sorry," she said when the woman had finished her story, "but your baby has been given out. It was adopted by an elderly woman about two months ago."

"My baby not here!" cried the woman, her face growing deadly pale. "Surely you are mistaken. I was told I should find my baby here, safe and well."

"I regret that the child is not here," the matron began, real sympathy in her voice. "The little one had been here four months and the possibility of its being claimed at an early date seemed remote. An aged couple was anxious to adopt the child, and we thought best for his own sake to provide him with a home."

With a moan of heart-rending anguish the woman sank on a chair. A glass of water was given her, and in a few seconds she revived sufficiently to ask:

"Have you the address of the people who adopted little Jack? I must—I must find them and get my baby—my little Jack!"

"Yes," the matron replied, "I can give you the address of the people who adopted the little one."

With the address clutched tightly in her hand she hurried away. An hour later she stood before a little red brick

house in the suburbs of Hintonburg. In one of the front windows was a card reading: "House to Let." The windows were bare, and the door locked; evidently the people had moved away. With a heart numb with anguish and despair, she leaned against the little wicket gate. An old woman was coming slowly down the street.

"Can you tell me where the people who occupied this house have gone? Mrs. Heriot is the name," she said, consulting her paper.

"I dunno for certain, but I heard that the Heriots had gone West somewhere. A lot of families from this part have gone west. Great country, they say, and you can get a farm for the axing. Were they friends o' yours?" the woman asked, noting the anguish on the other's face.

"Did they have a little child about 10 months old?" the other asked huskily.

"Yep. They adopted a young-un from the orphanage, I heerd. Did you know 'em? You seem mighty cut up about something. Were they kin o' yours?" the old woman asked curiously.

"God's mercy on me! They have my baby! Surely there's some one who knows where they went!"

The old woman shook her head.

"No one in these parts know where they went. They weren't very neighborly, nohow," said the old woman and passed on.

For a few minutes the young woman leaned against the gate, her face white and her eyes blinded with suffering.

Despite the old woman's words she made diligent search for some clew to the whereabouts of the Heriots, but without success. Every one told her much the same story. Hour after hour she kept on, hoping against hope that she would find some one who would know the people she sought. People began to look at her queerly, and she noticed one or two policemen watching her keenly. Supressing a few smothered sobs she went on down the street, and was soon lost in the hurrying crowd.

## CHAPTER II.

### ON THE HIGHWAY OF DESPAIR.

IT WAS picnic day at Fraserville. Both the young and old people of the village were gathered in the beech woods on the picnic grounds.

A dancing platform had been erected, and was gorgeously decorated with evergreens and gay bunting. On the platform dancers, in turn, glided on light fantastic toes to the strains of a squeaky fiddle, played by "Fiddler Tom," the village musician.

Tables were spread on the green beneath the huge beeches. A barrel of lemonade with a dipper hanging from its side stood near.

Maidens in white frocks and gay ribbons tripped lightly about, merry peals of laughter rippling from their lips.

Fiddler Tom was untiring in his service and valiantly scraped away to the tune of "Pop Goes the Weasel."

"Right and left thru and balance two, and swing with the girl behind you," called a deep-throated voice from one corner of the platform. "Salute your own and pass her by, and kiss the girl behind you."

Shouts of laughter followed as the lads earnestly endeavored to obey the command.

On the green under the beeches there were foot races, jumping, and the "tug-of-war."

Away to the left rose the smokestacks and gabled roofs of the mills and factories of the Urquarts, who were the financial life of the little village.

A little farther on, on the crest of a sloping hill, stood a tiny whitewashed cottage, with glistening windows and snowy blinds.

In the open door of the cottage stood a white-haired old man. His eyes sought the grove below where peals of laughter were wafted to him on the evening breeze.

Plucking flowers in the tiny garden was a young girl, with the sweet innocent face of a child. Her fluffy golden-tinted hair was blown by the evening breeze in picturesque confusion. Her eyes, large and blue, were intended for sunshine rather than shadow.

The old man's eye lingered lovingly upon the young face, but as he noted the shadow in the girl's eyes and her drooping figure, his face grew anxious.

"Why is it that you are not with the picknickers today, Mercy?" the old man asked.

"I—I didn't feel like going. My head has been aching again today," the girl answered.

"Your head didn't used to ache all the time," the old man murmured, turning anxious eyes to where his wife sat mending stockings by the white-curtained window.

Mercy had moved off down the garden path, plucking a flower here and there as she went.

"I say, wife, I am troubled about our little girl," the old man said. "I fear that all is not well with the child."

A pair of dim old eyes were lifted anxiously to his face, and trembling lips replied.

"I too, am worried about the child, Josiah. She has not been herself for a long time. But we must hope for the best. We did a wrong thing, I fear, in allowing the child to become so friendly with young Art Urquart. I fear he has won her heart only to cast it aside."

The old man did not reply for a minute, his eyes were following the drooping figure among the flowers in the garden.

"Well, well, wife," he said with a sigh, "we must be extra kind to the bairn, and bring the roses back to her cheeks, and the smile to her lips. I doubt not young Urquart thinks her a heap beneath him," he added with a contemptuous wave of his hand.

"It is always so when rich young men come courting poor girls, like our Mercy. They mean no good. We had no reason to believe Art Urquart was any better than the rest of his class. We should have sent him away and saved the child," she said bitterly.

"Well, wife, we can't help it now! The lass don't come of stock that would be likely to let the likes of young Urquart spile her life. The bairn is just a little lovesick now, but she will soon right herself. I'd nay worry, wife; no harm will come to the lass."

"I hope you're right, Josiah, but I'm afeared fer the child," and she shook her white head doubtfully.

"Tut! tut! Never bid the devil good morning until you meet him," and he smiled reassuringly. "There, I must be off, or I'll be late."

With a cheery good-by, he took up his lunch-basket and hurried down the path that led to the factories.

"Go to bed early, lass, and have that headache gone by the morrow," the old man called to Mercy, who stood among the flowers.

"If he only knew!" she sobbed. "It's heartache, not headache, that ails me, daddy dear. Oh, God, that I could die and save them this bitter grief and shame!" She sank down beside a cluster of roses and sought relief in tears.

"What is it, Mercy?" a gentle voice asked, and the gray-haired mother bent anxiously over her, and drew her head upon her breast. "What ails the lass?" she asked anxiously. "Remember, if trouble overtakes a girl she should tell her mother all."

But the girl's only answer was a series of heart-rending sobs.

"Is it young Art Urquart that ye are grieving about, lassie? Think no more about him, honey. You should never have known him. Come, Mercy, forget him," said the mother and clasped the frail little form in her arms.

"I can't, mother!" the girl moaned. "I don't want to forget him."

"Then, God help you, child!" and she pressed the sobbing girl closer to her breast. "Tell me, dear, do you love Art Urquart so much as that?" she asked hoarsely.

"Yes, mother, I do. My very life is in his keeping!"

"Then, I say again, God help you, child!" she murmured huskily.

Mercy Fisher lifted her face to her mother's and looked at her earnestly. The cheek that once rivaled the rose was now pale and colorless. The sunshine of her eyes had given place to shadow, and the merry note of her voice was gone.

Old Josiah Fisher was of a mixed Scotch and Irish descent, and was a sturdy type of the old country which he represented. His wife was a sweet-tempered soul, content with her lowly life; and the first real trouble in her life was the shadow that hung so threateningly over her only child, Mercy.

Josiah Fisher was employed as night-watchman at the Urquart mills and factories, and had filled that position for sixteen years.

The sun had gone down behind the western horizon, and the deep shadows were creeping up from the valley. Mercy and her mother had returned to the cottage, and the latter had gone to drive the cow into the night yard, and bring a bucket of water.

Mercy was bathing her face when she heard a heavy step on the path outside the cottage door.

"Good evening, Miss Fisher," said a strange voice, with vexing familiarity.

"Good evening, Mr.—Blackburn, I think," she replied, crimsoning painfully.

"Ah, just so. I am Lawyer Blackburn. You have no doubt heard your friend Mr. Urquart speak of me."

Mercy did not reply, but the crimson flush deepened.

The man was thick-set with florid complexion and yellow hair, and walked with a short, jerky step. Instinctively Mercy disliked him.

"Will you be seated, Mr. Blackburn?" the girl asked after a moment's awkward pause.

"No, thank you. I must be going at once. But what ails those pretty eyes? Not crying, surely?"

"You will be kind enough to reserve your compliments for some one else, Mr. Blackburn. I do not desire them."

Mercy was surprised at her own boldness at daring to speak to the great man so.

"Nevertheless you must cease crying. Tears are not good for you, just now."

Again Mercy's face flushed crimson at the vulgar familiarity.

"If you have any business with me, Mr. Blackburn, kindly be as brief as possible, for my time is taken up this evening."

He smiled wisely and proceeded:

"You are right, I have business with you. I bear a message from Mr. Art Urquart. He bade me tell you that all arrangements are made for your removal to the city. He would like to see you before you leave, however, and will be at the elm by the brook at nine o'clock tonight. Shall I tell him you will meet him there?"

Mercy merely nodded. She could not bring her lips to form words.

The lawyer lifted his hat and walked slowly away.

There was something about the man that set Mercy's teeth on edge. Perhaps it was the soft, womanly voice and perpetual smile that grated on her nerves. Or, perhaps, it was the laugh that rang hollow and false. There was a little laugh at the end of each remark, when the lips curled back like a cur about to bite.

## CHAPTER III.

### THE MAN WITH A STONE HEART.

AT NINE O'CLOCK Mercy stole from her little room and went to meet her lover.

Art Urquart lay stretched under an elm leisurely smoking a cigar.

"Ah, Mercy! Here you are at last! I was beginning to think you weren't coming," he said, glancing critically at the girl's loose jacket and swollen eyes.

Taking the little hands in his in a cold, conventional clasp, he went on:

"Why do you cry so continually? Have I not promised to take care of you? Mr. Blackburn remarked how red and swollen your eyes were, and I am sure others have noticed it also. For my sake, Mercy, you must keep up."

It was more of a command than a favor he asked, and the girl winced.

"Why did you send that horrid man?" she asked.

"Do you mean Mr. Blackburn?"

"Yes; I detest him," she said.

"Blackburn has never been popular with the ladies," Urquart laughed. "But I have found him a good friend."

"I don't doubt it. Mr. Blackburn would be a good friend to anybody who paid him well."

"Perhaps you're right, Mercy, but what does it matter so long as he serves us well?"

"I don't like the man," Mercy persisted. "I'm sure there is nothing good or true about him."

Art Urquart's face darkened.

"Mercy," he said, "it is all arranged. Mr. Blackburn will see you into the fast express tomorrow night. When you reach Ottawa the person with whom you will remain will meet you there."

He kept his eyes averted while speaking, as tho ashamed of what he was saying.

She lifted her eyes pleadingly to his face, while her white lips trembled.

"No so soon, Art. Let me stay just a few days longer," she pleaded.

He looked at her steadily for a moment, and when he spoke again his voice fell on her ear with a cold, metallic ring.

"It has got to be, Mercy. We have delayed too long already. People are beginning to talk, and I can't risk your remaining here longer."

The girl's eyes drooped again and the tears began to fall.

"Come now, you know it is all for the best. It would never do for you to remain here, you know."

There was silence for a minute.

"I never thought it would be so hard to go," she sobbed.

He smiled carelessly and tried another plan.

"You are not going away forever, darling. You will come back well and happy."

The words affected her strangely. Her hands trembled and her fingers clasped and unclasped convulsively. After a little she grew more calm and remarked:

"I have a strange presentiment that if I ever return it will not be to happiness, but to misery."

Her head was bowed in terrible despair.

"I will have to say good-by to all the pretty little nooks where I love to sit and read or do my needlework. There is the old log under the cherry tree in the garden, and the seat father made me beside the brook, where I love to sit and watch the trout play. And then there is this dear old tree. In its shade I have read the most delightful stories; and then it was here that I first met you, Art," she said wistfully.

"You silly little goose!" he cried, half impatiently giving her hand a gentle pat.

Then there are mother and dad. I can't say good-by to them," and her voice grew husky. "Little Willie Jones will cry himself sick if I don't go to see him any more, and I promised Kitty Welsh, the lame girl, that I would dress her doll."

The memory of the things she loved and was about to leave—perhaps forever—touched the springs of love and sympathy in the girl's childish heart and her voice was choked in sobs.

There was a look of impatient anguish on the man's face. He took his handkerchief and wiped away her tears and laid his hand gently upon the drooping head with a gesture that was almost love.

Mercy regained her voice.

"And then there's Miss Dorothy—I can't say good-by to her."

The man's face underwent a strange change, and he dug his heel into the ground impatiently.

"Come, Mercy, don't be such a child. You are positively foolish!"

The girl lifted her sweet young face, that had once been bright and beautiful as a summer day, to his. With a pang of weak self-reproach he perceived how pale and drawn with grief she had become.

With a sudden impulse she laid a hand upon his shoulder and gazed searchingly into his dark, restless eyes.

"Art," she said, anxiously, entreatingly, "are you sure you love me well enough to remember me when I am gone?"

"Yes, of course," he answered, playfully patting her pale cheek.

"I am very, very much in earnest, Art. Are you quite sure you will not forget me?"

"Quite sure," he answered gently, and she seemed satisfied.

"And you will come and see me often, won't you?" she coaxed in her childlike way.

"To be sure I will," he answered, smiling.

The girl brushed the tears from her eyes and was almost happy. It was pitiful to note how the mere sound of his voice brought the sunshine to her face, but the shadow always followed.

"You will be ready tomorrow evening, Mercy. You must make some excuse to go to the village, and Blackburn will meet you. Good-by for the present, dear. I will see you again soon."

He kissed her coldly upon the cheek and was turning away when he noticed the tears gathering in her blue eyes, and paused.

"There—just one little smile!" he said gently, coaxingly. She smiled thru the mist of tears. "Ah, that's better! Good-by."

Art Urquart turned and walked sharply away. He had gained the advantage he sought. The girl would obey his will, yet the knowledge of victory brought him no satisfaction—no pleasure. He had been false to his own manhood, to the truest and noblest impulses of his nature. He had killed the wee small voice of conscience that night and day for weeks had hammered against the defenses of his depravity, demanding that he make atonement for the wrong he had done. With the accusing voice of conscience ringing in his ears he slunk away from the scene of his own abasement with a feeling of keen humiliation. That a man should cross swords with a woman on such unequal terms, and win by deliberate falsehood and deceit, was heartless and fiendish. A sense of the meanness of the act he had committed was full upon him, but if a spark of sympathy for the girl's situation moved him it was closely intermingled with a personal view of the degradation that might come to a man from such an act of folly.

On the slope of the hill Art Urquart paused and gazed down on the mills and factories belonging to his father in the valley. He knew every curve and crook by heart. As he gazed the familiar figure of the old "nightwatch" could be seen going his rounds. A slight spasm crossed the face of Art Urquart. "God help and console you, Josiah Fisher!" he whispered involuntarily, and quickened his pace.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE WHISPER OF SATAN.

AT A SHARP angle in the road, Art Urquart came upon Mr. Blackburn. He had evidently been waiting for him.

"You were long in coming, Mr. Urquart. I have been to the Beeches during your absence, and I hear that your father is sinking rapidly."

"Has he regained consciousness?"

"No; and the will is still unsigned."

"I see," glancing sharply at the other. "Have you been able to discover anything more about Jack's parentage?" Art Urquart asked.

"Very little, but I am sure we are not mistaken."

Mr. Blackburn drew a photograph from his pocket and held it before the other's face.

"Have you any idea who that may be?" he asked.

Art Urquart looked long and earnestly at the pictured face; his own face had grown white and set. The face on the cardboard was that of a girl in her teens—a face good to look upon, pure and trustful—and in her arms was an infant only a few weeks old.

"That is the face of my mother," Art Urquart observed calmly, and he drew from the inner pocket of his coat a photograph that was the exact counterpart of the one held by the lawyer.

"Ah! That photograph is the property of your mother, I presume?" the lawyer exclaimed.

"Yes; it belongs to my mother. I found it on the floor of her room, and thinking it might be useful I took possession of it. But perhaps you will enlighten me as to how you came into possession of its mate?"

"Certainly! I was in a house in Hull one day lately. On the mantel was the photograph, and I at once noticed the resemblance to your mother. I questioned the landlady and learned that the original had a very sad history; in fact, that she was the real Rose Thurlow whom I have been seeking. I also dis-

covered her marriage to your father and the birth of two children. The elder child was called John and was born a year before her marriage to your father. The other son was called Arthur, and was born two years after the marriage."

"You are sure of this, Blackburn? I will need positive proof, you know."

"You shall have positive proof. In a few days I shall have all the proofs complete. Do you understand the significance if we prove that Jack is not your father's legitimate son?"

"My God, Blackburn! You are a devil!" the other broke in, cold beads of sweat breaking upon his brow. "I don't want to prove that Jack is not my father's son."

"Just as you say, old man," the lawyer observed. "But in that event you will have to relinquish your dream of becoming your father's heir. I believed you to be too sensible a man, Urquart, to throw away your chance of wealth for a few milk-and-water scruples. Remember, if Jack was not born in lawful wedlock you are your father's legal heir. Take my advice, boy, and don't let any combination of circumstances defraud you of your legal rights," the lawyer advised.

Art Urquart's heart leaped within him, but he preserved an outward calm.

They walked on in silence for a few minutes, then Art Urquart said:

"I can't believe it, Blackburn! If what you tell me is so, Jack is three years my senior. I have always understood there was but a year between us."

"Of course you did, old boy! Since you had no memory of the event you had to believe what you were told. It was a very simple matter to mislead you concerning the dates."

A few minutes' walk brought them to the Beeches, the stately home of the Urquarts. The front of the house had a wide veranda, almost hidden by clinging vines and climbing roses. Here and there were cozy seats and reclining chairs, suggestive of cool comfort.

Just before the house the two men paused for a few minutes.

"By the way, have you arranged things with your little friend?" the lawyer asked in that soft, womanish voice peculiarly his.

"Yes, and I'm not proud of it, either. The truth is, I'm ashamed. I have committed the meanest act that it is possible for a man to commit against a woman. The thing is too mean, too debasing."

The lawyer's smile broadened until his white teeth showed with an impatient snarl.

"I see! How do you propose to mend matters, then? I thought you were doing this thing for her own good."

"Darn it all, man, I don't know how to mend matters. I have half a mind to marry the little thing. It would be the only honorable act I have ever done."

The lawyer laughed. "Marry her by all means, and hate her ever after. No, Urquart, you have done the poor thing harm enough. You would not make her happy by marrying her, for you have tired of her already. She does not belong to your sphere of life. Be sensible!"

Art Urquart kicked the ground viciously, his forehead contracted into a frown.

"What does it matter? She has an education that few in her station of life enjoy. She is refined and lovable in every way, and apparently has not grown tired of me. If I spoil my life, what does it matter? Life has been one long disappointment to me. What is a second son in his father's house? Little better than a servant!" he cried bitterly.

"Why remain a second son, then?" the other sneered.

"Oh, hang it all! See here, Blackburn, you are mistaken. You must be mistaken!" There was dull irritation in his tone.

"It will prove a very good thing for you if I'm not mistaken, Urquart. You would then be your father's legal heir. A few thousand is good, but a million is better."

The words of the tempter sank deep into Art Urquart's soul. He was suddenly possessed of a delightful feeling of ecstasy. His own importance was vastly increasing. Wealth, position, power, were dearer to him than his own soul. What mires of sin would he not wade thru to attain them?

The two men entered the silent house where the master lay dying. Mr. Blackburn went into the parlor to be in readiness should his services be required. Art Urquart, with a new feeling within him, a new sense of the greatness of the world and his own importance in it, went and gazed on the unconscious face of his dying father.

Three days before, the elder Urquart had been thrown from a horse, fracturing his skull and causing severe internal injuries, from which he had never regained consciousness. And today the doctors had declared him to be sinking rapidly.

## CHAPTER V.

### TEMPTATION WINS A BATTLE.

ART URQUART was twenty-six years old. He was just a little above the medium height, with well-shaped limbs and a manly body. His face was clean-shaven save for a dark mustache. His eyes were large and expressive, his forehead broad and smooth, from which was carefully brushed back a wealth of dark, wavy hair. The expression of the physiognomy on the whole was one of power and intellect—and cunning.

His one great trial in life was that he was not his father's firstborn. He grieved that his elder brother would inherit the bulk of their father's estate. He had brooded over his misfortune of birth until life had lost its golden tints for him. At the age of nineteen he left college and began studying to be an architect. His labors were spasmodic, however, for the poison rankled deep in his soul, and would not give him peace. Taciturn and moody, he made few acquaintances and fewer friends. At night he would prowl the streets for hours. The mystery of the dark hours had a strange fascination for him. He made few social calls, and was rarely invited anywhere.

No one, perhaps, save his mother, suspected that beneath the cold, repelling exterior lay an ardent, passionate nature. If a beautiful woman spoke to him or touched his hand his pulse would quicken, his face flush. But with a self-command that was wonderful, he checked the wild passion of his nature and brought it completely under his control.

One day while strolling moodily by the brook he observed the old "night-watch's" daughter in her favorite nook under an elm.

So it came about that the two grew to be first friends and then lovers. The day came when Art Urquart was disappointed if he did not see the girl's sweet, flower-like face in its accustomed place under the giant elm. Himself a stern, silent man, he liked to listen to her innocent prattle. The stern mouth would relax and the hard eyes soften at some pretty story told. This went on for months, and for once no gossiping tongues were set a-wagging.

With the Leap of a Tiger, Jack Had Him by the Collar and Shook Him as a Cat Would Shake a Mouse.

At last he perceived that the girl's heart had gone out to him. She had grown shy and reserved in his presence, and a delicate pink would come and go in her lovely cheeks. The girl loved him with a love that had no thought of self. No sacrifice was too great if it would please the man whom she worshiped as the heathen do their idols. She surrendered into his keeping her very heart and soul. He found that the restraint which he had placed upon himself was as nothing—mere silken threads.

A few weeks later the awakening came, and Art Urquart learned, when it was too late, that he did not love the child who had given him so much and exacted so little. But he did love, with all the ardor of his passionate nature, another woman.

When he entered the room where his father lay he stood long and silently by the bedside scanning the marble-like face of the one who had lavished care and devotion upon him since infancy. Death was written unmistakably upon every line of the strong, noble face. Without a sigh of regret or a caressing touch he turned grimly away.

The white-capped nurse eyed him keenly.

"A strange man!" she exclaimed half aloud. "How unlike the other brother! His father's approaching death seems to affect him very little. A strange son, surely!"

When Art Urquart left his father's bedside he immediately joined Mr. Blackburn in the parlor.

"Well?" the lawyer observed.

"He will not last long," the other replied. "Scarcely see the morning, I should imagine."

"And the will is not signed," the lawyer remarked with his perpetual smile.

"Just so!" the other remarked calmly. "I say, Blackburn, can't you remember a pressing engagement you have for tonight?" Art Urquart asked the question with a wise look upon his pale face.

The lawyer looked at him for a minute and the constant smile broadened into a grin of comprehension.

"That reminds me, my dear Urquart, that I should be in ——— within an hour. A most pressing engagement, you understand."

The two exchanged glances.

"I will order Ned to drive you there at once," Urquart replied.

Ten minutes later the automobile was at the door.

"If your mother is the Rose Thurlow whom I am seeking, then remember you are your father's legal heir," the lawyer observed in a low, impressive voice.

"Blackburn," the other replied, "we must do nothing rash. Remember, she is my mother," and his voice shook.

The lawyer broke into a low, contemptuous laugh.

"Your mother, I admit. But who has had all the parental love, and the plums of life? You have always been held down. Jack has been the favorite."

"That is so," Art replied, and moved nearer the lawyer. He was wrestling with a terrible temptation. "If it is as you say, it is beyond belief that my father would disinherit his own son for the son of another man."

"It would not be the first time the like has happened. Love for his wife might tempt him to shield her, even at such a price."

"Jack is my mother's son," the other replied.

"And the usurper of your rightful position and inheritance," and the lawyer's mocking laugh followed.

Art Urquart's breath came in gasps.

"It can't be, Blackburn. It is mere coincidence in names and dates. If Jack is not my father's son, my father must know it."

"To be sure he knows it. But for your mother's sake he would see you deprived of your rights. Why, man, you owe it to yourself and to society to expose the fraud!" Blackburn cried vehemently. "Everything justifies you."

"What will Grace say to this?" Art Urquart asked. "Her mother would never allow her to marry a dishonored man," and his eyes gleamed strangely.

"Hearts, like balls, are sometimes caught on the rebound," the lawyer observed.

Art Urquart was in the grip of a terrible temptation. The forces of good and evil were waging fierce war for his soul. He hesitated and was lost.

As the first pale streaks of dawn were stealing thru the eastern windows of the big house Mr. Urquart's soul escaped its earthly prison and went to meet its God.

His wife and elder son remained by his side till the last. But his second son sat alone in the library, gloating over the glowing prospects for the future, when he should change places with Jack, his elder brother.

## CHAPTER VI.

### JACK'S DOUBLE APPEARS.

IN THE evening of an April day a number of men were gathered for an hour's social converse in Jimmie Moore's grocery store in Fraserville.

"No one seems to know what's the matter, but he's a changed man since his father's death," the groceryman was saying.

"Aye, yer right, Jimmie, a changed man he is," said Long John Smith, squirting liquid tobacco on the hot stove.

"They say as all is not goin' as smooth as might be up at the Beeches," Fiddler Tom broke in.

"I hear say as how the old man died without a will, and they be quarreling over the estate," Tim Jones croaked.

An old fellow with gray hair and a wizened face removed the short clay pipe from his lips, took a long breath, thoughtfully stroked his grizzly beard, and said:

"Mr. Art is mighty spry since the auld man has gone. He is changed, too, mightily."

"Right you are, Ben," another cried. "And if I mistake not, Mrs. Urquart will soon jine the auld man, so thin and white she is gettin'."

"Ah, here comes Rip," cried Jimmie Moore, the grocer, as a little old man came shuffling in.

"Evening, gents," he cried, pushing back a dingy gray hat from his forehead. "You look cozy-like here. Give us a twist of 'bacco, Jimmie," he said, throwing down a dime.

"How's business, Rip?"

"Pretty middlin' fair," he replied, cramming tobacco into a stubby clay.

"Been to the city lately, Rip?" old Ben asked.

"Aye, just home. I stayed a goodish bit this time. And what do you think, chaps?" the old man began. "On Friday, as I was in Hull, feelin' thirsty like, I went into a hotel and got me a leg o' beer. An' who do you think I ran plumb into —why, Mr. Jack Urquart, of course. 'How do, Mr. Jack,' says I. 'When did you come down?' But he just looks at me hard like, and never speaks. Now, thinks I, that's kinder queer, for Mr. Jack is not the kind to give an old friend the glassy eye. But the derndest part of it all is, I see him this morning, and I says: 'You didn't stay long in the city, Mr. Jack.' 'In the city?' says he. 'I haven't been to the city.' Now what do you think o' that, and me seein' him with me own two gol dern eyes?"

"Well, that is sorter strange, Rip, but you may have been mistaken. I haven't missed Jack from the mills. I see him ride by every day."

"Mistaken be d—d! Didn't I see him with my own eyes?" the peddler cried angrily.

"What day did you see him, Rip?" asked young Geordie Moore.

"He was in the Grand Hotel Friday afternoon, fer I saw him myself."

"Yer wrong, Rip, yer wrong! Jack was at the mill all day Friday, seein' to the puttin' in of the new driving belt."

"Yer right, Geordie, so he was," said the man with the gray whiskers.

"What air you givin' us now?" cried Rip, bristling all over like a cat.

"The gospel truth. You've had a drop too much, Rip. You've been havin' bad dreams."

"Well, that's the biggest yet!" cried the peddler, springing to his feet.

"What ye say?" demanded Geordie, his eyes flashing blue flame.

"I say it's a lie!" cried Rip.

"Be careful, comrade! If ye say that again I'll pitch ye into the gutter," cried Geordie.

"Indade! And what would I be doin' while ye would be doin' the like of that?" asked the irate peddler.

The grocer interposed.

"Stop yer wrangling, gentlemen," he said sharply. "You're too hasty-tempered, Geordie."

"Youngsters should stay to home with their ma until they're old enough to know what they're talking about," said Rip, resuming his seat.

"Then what fer does he say it weren't

true as Mr. Jack was at the mills on Friday?" asked Geordie, turning his back upon the peddler.

"Because he wasn't there," growled Rip.

Geordie's patience was ebbing fast.

"Look here, Rip, if you were a few years younger I'd plunk you one in the eye. As it is I've half a mind to drop you in the gutter."

"He weren't at the mills on Friday," the peddler persisted doggedly.

"See here, Rip, you may as well give in. Jack Urquart was at the mill on Friday, for I spoke to him there. Ye must have had a drop too much," old Ben drawled.

"Yer wrong, all of ye," shouted the peddler, getting up and going towards the door. "Mr. Jack was in the city on Friday, fer I see'd him myself!" he shouted from the doorway.

"Why, what's the matter, Rip?" asked a voice at his side.

"If it ain't Mr. Art, to be sure!" cried the peddler. "Now we'll make these doggoned jackasses feel littler than a measly wasp," he went on, a triumphant smile dawning in his small, slit-like eyes.

Art Urquart smiled his cold, peculiar smile.

"You appear to be excited, Rip; what's up?"

"Well, guess I am summat 'cited. I was tellin' the sheep's heads in there that I see'd Mr. Jack in the city on Friday, and they won't allow it, no way. I see'd him with my own eyes, and then they tell me I didn't."

"Are you sure it was Jack you saw, Rip? I didn't know that my brother had been away," Art observed, a strange gleam in his crafty eyes.

"Sakes a'mighty, sir! Can't I believe what I see with my own two eyes?"

"Of course you can, Rip," the other replied soothingly. "But would you swear it was Jack you saw? It might have been some one who resembled him, you know."

"It was Mr. Jack, hisself," the peddler grunted disgustedly. "I have known the boy since he was a wee tot, and I guess I know him when I see him."

"I guess you would, too, Rip," the other replied, and with a queer smile he passed on down the street.

As Art Urquart walked away his thoughts ran thus:

"Rip is mistaken, of course, for Jack has not been to the city, I know. It must have been the other one he saw. How alike they must be to deceive one so completely! I must have Blackburn hunt the fellow up. I must see the resemblance for myself. There's a mystery there that I can't solve. Rip knows Jack well and would not be easily deceived. Yet I am positive Jack was not in the city on Friday. The resemblance must be marvelous, since so many are deceived. Old Mrs. Hendon would swear that she sat next Jack at the circus in Rockcliff Park, when I know that Jack was at home. Apparently there must be two Jacks, and they must be as alike as two peas. But if Jack is what Blackburn tells me—my mother's illegitimate son—my mother seems to have forgotten it. I fear there must be some mistake. I have thrown out a number of hints, but she doesn't seem conscious of my meaning. One of these days I'll speak mighty plain. It is my duty to do so. Grace must know all—and then?"

## CHAPTER VII.

### THE CURSE OF ILLEGITIMACY.

THAT chapter in Art Urquart's life wherein Mercy Fisher played such an eventful part was by no means forgotten.

True to her word, Mercy took the fast express the following evening for Ottawa, carrying her few belongings in a shabby old valise, and crying softly, piteously.

The following morning Josiah Fisher was vainly searching for his missing daughter. He went from house to house piteously asking every one he met if they had seen aught of his little girl.

Somehow or other the word got out that Mercy had taken the train the previous evening. Then the old man went home nearly broken-hearted.

The old "night-watch" and his wife never voluntarily mentioned Mercy's name again. Their hair grew whiter, their lips sadder, and their steps more feeble, but that was all the world knew of their trouble. It was night in their hearts, for a child had gone astray.

Art Urquart heard and saw all, but his heart was cold and stony. He thought of Mercy only as a millstone about his neck—a part of the past that he would gladly forget. The secret disclosed by Mr. Blackburn had changed the man wonderfully.

Perhaps the most despicable part was that he at once assumed a different attitude toward the unhappy passage in his life wherein Mercy Fisher was concerned. He had long ago dismissed all regrets concerning the girl. She had been very indiscreet and thoughtless and must now bear the consequences. He could not be expected to mar his bright prospects by atoning with marriage. No man of brains would do it. She should have considered the future before it was too late. He had been guilty of no offense that another man would not have committed. True, he had yielded to temptation, but so had hundreds of other men. Were the consequences of that one weak moment to drag him down and spoil his whole future? No! The blame was not his. The laws of society would not condemn him. Without one thought of sympathy, one tender regret, he dismissed from his mind, as he hoped forever, all thought of the simple, trusting child who had more heart than head.

The sun had set in a cloud of April glory. Here and there the flowers peeped timidly out, and the birds were singing their evening songs. Jack had just returned from a long day spent at the mills.

Mrs. Urquart had not been feeling well and had retired to her room. In fact, of late she remained in her own apartment almost all the time, for the company of her second son had become very hard to endure. The covert threats and insinuations, tho impossible to understand, had hurt her cruelly. She loved Art with a true mother's enduring love, but her sensitive nature shrank from encountering his stern face and harsh, accusing words.

The door opened softly and Jack entered.

"Ah! You are early, Jack," she said, her face brightening.

His mother always called him Jack.

"Yes, mother, I came home a little early. I wanted to have a talk with you," he replied, and his face looked worn and haggard.

"What is it, my son? I know that something has been bothering you for a long time. Are you going to confide in me at last?" Sympathetic tears shone in her eyes at the haggard, weary look of her best-loved son.

"Since father died without a will don't you think we should come to some understanding with Art?" he asked, plunging at once into the subject that was uppermost in his thoughts.

"Yes; I think it would be a very wise and just action to settle the estate as soon as possible. I have sometimes thought that Arthur wished his share at once. Your father intended to give Arthur thirty thousand dollars to start life on. I think you should fulfill that wish at once."

She paused for a moment for the other to speak, but as he remained silent, she continued:

"If it were possible I should like my two sons to remain together, but I fear that can never be. I trust, therefore, that you will carry out your father's wishes." She was perplexed and puzzled over the other's strange silence.

"I have decided, mother, that Art has the best right to the mills and estate. I will take the thirty thousand dollars father intended for him."

"My son, are you mad?" she cried, aghast. "You must not do that. Your father never dreamed of such a thing."

"I have made up my mind that Art shall have all. Nothing less will satisfy him and secure peace. I shall be quite content with the thirty thousand," he said, rising to go.

"But it is against all reason! You are your father's eldest son, his rightful heir," she cried excitedly.

Jack looked at his mother curiously for a minute, then shook his head. Doubtless she thought to spare him the pain that the knowledge of his birth must bring—Art had spared him nothing. She did not dream that her secret was known, and she should never know if he could help it.

"It's no use, mother; nothing can change my mind," he said as he left the room.

Jack Urquart went immediately to the library, where his brother and Lawyer Blackburn awaited him.

As Jack closed the door of his mother's room she rose to her feet and began pacing the floor in great agitation.

"It must not be!" she cried. "What did he say about Arthur? 'Nothing less would satisfy him and secure peace.' Surely the boy cannot be so thoroly selfish, so devoid of all sense of right, as to expect such a thing."

She paced the floor for some minutes longer. Then a look of resolve settled over her pale face. "I will see Arthur myself and appeal to his love, his generosity."

Ten minutes later she gently pushed open the library door, but the occupants did not perceive her.

"You say you have come to give me the mills and the estate. Very generous of you, indeed," Art was saying with cutting sarcasm. "Did you ever know a man to present another with what really belonged to that other?" he asked, scornfully.

"Be careful, Art! I can't stand much more."

"You may have considerably more to stand yet!" the other retorted mercilessly. "The nerve of the thing! You, a child of dishonor, to usurp my rightful place! You, to dictate to me," he cried, "to me, my father's legitimate son. You prate about giving me your inheritance."

A black frown, borne of anger and humiliation, was settling over Jack's face.

"Have a care, Art! We are both hot-tempered men, you know."

"A deed of gift!" the other went on regardless of the warning. "What right have you to believe that I will accept that from you? Take my own from the man who robbed me of it! To accept it as a gift, where the generosity of giving is yours and the humiliation of receiving is mine!"

"What else could I do?" Jack cried, his voice sharp with pain. "I cannot say to the world, 'I am not my father's son.' I did it to shield our mother's name."

"You mean to hide her shame and dishonor!" the other cried.

There was a stifled sob from the doorway, but the three occupants of the room were so engrossed that they did not notice it.

"Once for all, understand your true position—your legal position. You are your mother's illegitimate son, but not my father's——"

The sentence was never finished. With the leap of a tiger Jack had him by the collar and shook him as a cat would shake a mouse.

"God give me patience that I do not strike you dead!" he cried, great beads of perspiration standing on his brow.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### WHEN BROTHERS FIGHT.

THERE was the rustle of a woman's skirts, and the two brothers turned to face their mother. She took Jack's hand gently in her own, and looked steadily into the angry eyes. Her face was like marble, set and hard, but her eyes smiled at him reassuringly.

"I have heard all," she began. "You have no cause to blush for your birth, Jack. You are your father's legitimate son, born in lawful wedlock." Her voice sounded strained and unnatural.

Art gasped and looked anxious and uncomfortable. Mr. Blackburn coughed violently.

Jack Urquart's face cleared like magic.

"Arthur," Mrs. Urquart began, and there was reproach and pain in her voice, "perhaps you will explain your terrible accusation against my honor and your brother's birth? Undutiful and unloving you have always been, but I didn't think you would stoop to dishonor your mother's name." She spoke in an unnaturally calm and emotionless voice.

Art Urquart's pale face flushed crimson, his eyes sought the floor.

"Here, Blackburn, produce those certificates and see if I'm telling other than the truth."

Blackburn coughed and fidgeted uneasily, and at last produced the papers. He glanced over them hastily, then laid a marriage certificate on the table. It was dated August 13, 1872, the contracting parties being Rose Thurlow and Allen Urquart. The next was a certificate of birth, of Arthur, son of Rose and Allen Urquart, dated July 22, 1873.

"Pardon me, my dear Mrs. Urquart, for my share in this unhappy event, but for my client's interests I am compelled to perform this most unpleasant duty."

Art Urquart's hard, pitiless face wore a sinister look.

"If Art was born in less than a year after your marriage, how can Jack, your eldest son, be a legitimate child?" the lawyer asked.

Art looked triumphant, Jack troubled, Mrs. Urquart perplexed.

"Your dates are inaccurate, Mr. Blackburn," Mrs. Urquart replied slowly, thoughtfully. "Jack, my son, take this key and go to my room. In the drawer of the dressing table you will find a white and gold box. Bring it to me."

No one spoke while waiting for Jack to bring the box, but Art Urquart and Blackburn exchanged significant glances in which were mingled doubt and expectancy.

Jack brought the box and gave it into his mother's hands. She laid it upon the table and with a tiny key unlocked the box and drew out some papers yellow with age. The first two papers she placed in the bosom of her gown. Then a marriage certificate was laid upon the table. It was dated August 13, 1870, the contracting parties being Rose Thurlow and Allen Urquart, both of the city of Quebec, Canada.

The next was a certificate of birth: "John, son of Rose and Allen Urquart, born September 12, 1871, at Quebec."

"I trust this is proof sufficient. Go to the registry at the Church of St. John the Divine, Quebec, and you will find it there. Here, also, is the certificate of Arthur's birth: 'Arthur, son of Rose and Allen Urquart, born July 22, 1873, at Quebec,'" said Mrs. Urquart.

"I trust, Arthur," she continued, "that your unjust suspicions have been removed? Jack is your true brother and your father's lawful son." She tried to lay a trembling hand upon his arm, but he roughly pushed her aside.

"It's all part of the plot," he cried angrily. "I don't believe a word of it, and I give you my word, I shall not be cheated out of my inheritance. I shall not be content with a beggarly thirty thousand," he sneered. "Come, Blackburn, you have some other papers there. Produce them!"

Blackburn looked decidedly uncomfortable.

"Perhaps—er—some other time might be more suitable," he stammered.

"You're wrong there, Blackburn. There is no time like the present. Come, we're waiting," he said impatiently.

Blackburn drew from an inner pocket of his coat two folded papers. The first was another certificate of marriage, and was dated at Halifax, Nova Scotia, June 20, 1867, the contracting parties being Rose Austin and Robert Thurlow, both of Halifax.

Mrs. Urquart had grown faint and swayed uncertainly during the reading of the certificate, but she struggled for calmness and strength.

"You would have made an admirable detective, Mr. Blackburn," she said, with the calmness of a heart that is burdened almost to despair. "You should have another link before your chain of evidence is complete. If it is missing I can supply it for you."

"We have the other link, my dear Mrs. Urquart," the lawyer hastened to assure her. "Here it is: 'John, born to Rose and Robert Thurlow, at Montreal, May 19, 1868.'"

There was a painful pause as the lawyer finished reading the certificate.

"Have you anything more?" Mrs. Urquart asked, turning to her two accusers.

"Just another word, Mrs. Urquart. You are the Rose Austin who married Robert Thurlow?"

She nodded assent. "I thought you had sufficient proof of that already."

"And the child, John, born the following year, was your son?"

"Certainly!" she answered curtly.

"Just one more question. Did the late Mr. Urquart know of your former marriage?"

"For the benefit of my two sons, I will answer your question. My late husband was aware of my former marriage. I kept no secrets from him."

"And is the child of that union living?"

"That is something that cannot concern you, Mr. Blackburn, and I decline to answer it."

"My dear madam, it is not idle curiosity that prompts the question, I assure you. I—I——"

"I decline to answer the question, Mr. Blackburn," was the decisive reply.

"But, my dear madam——"

In a moment Jack was at his mother's side and had placed his arm around her protectingly.

"My mother has refused to answer that question, Mr. Blackburn. It would not be wise to annoy her further." His eyes had a wrathful, steely glitter.

With his arm around his mother's waist he led her from the room and to her own apartments. At the door he paused and kissed the cold, white face.

"You have lifted a load from my heart, mother, and given me back the joy of living," he cried, the light of youth and happiness returning to his face.

"Jack, my dear son, I thank God for you! You are all I have," and she kissed him gently and closed the door.

As Jack and his mother left the library the two plotters rose and faced each other.

"A pretty kettle of fish you have made of it!" Art Urquart cried bitterly.

"I am not to blame," the other retorted hotly. "The wrong dates were given me. But we are not thru with this yet. There is that other Jack to account for."

"I wonder," began Art, then stopped, "but no, it couldn't be—yet it might."

"What are you coming at?" the lawyer asked.

"You have heard of the man who resembles Jack so strangely?"

"Yes, I've heard Rip, the peddler, speak of him," and a strange light darted into the lawyer's eyes. "It's just possible—it might be—yes, it might be," he said more to himself than to the other.

The two men conversed in low, hushed voices until far into the night. Then they separated, Mr. Blackburn going to his home in the village and Art Urquart to bed in the home of the brother whose name he had tried to dishonor, of the mother whose head he had sought to bow down with sorrow and shame, whose fair name he would have trampled in the dust.

**Art Urquart meets Grace Renton and tries to force his affections upon her, but she repulses him. His anger is colossal, and he warns her that if she weds his brother Jack she will suffer. Art then proceeds to plunge deeper into crime. He is cruel, unforgiving and even cunning to gain his ends. Read about it in the next installment.**

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## Evidence.

CHARGING her husband for an alleged assault on her recently, Mrs. Hairscum produced a handful of hair which she declared he pulled out of her head.

"Why," said the judge, examining the mass, "with the exception of a few strands of woman's hair, this is apparently part of the prisoner's whiskers."

"Thim's his whiskers, sure enough, yer honor," she replied. "I took thim so that he couldn't prove an alibi—he's such a liar he'd swear anythin'."

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## Wanted Time Also.

IN A VERMONT town they tell of a suitor who, after some years of devotion, finally proposed to the lady of his choice.

"But, Henry," protested the lady, "this is really sudden! You had better give me a week to think it over!"

"Very well, my dear," said Henry. "And," after due reflection, he added, "perhaps it would be as well if I thought it over myself at the same time!"—Puck.

*A Splendid Story of the Stage and Its Jealousies*

# REALISM WITH A VENGEANCE

**By Charles T. Jordan**

Fully a Foot in Advance of the Gasping Second Man, Bordell Plunged to Victory.

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KENNETH MADISON had a personal interest in Wade's maiden effort at playwriting. It had been principally thru his persuasive talk on his old college chum's behalf that Green, manager of the Poultney Stock Company, had decided to give the piece a trial. The Poultney outfit was not a large one, but it was composed of players of ability, and had been enjoying a profitable season at the Fourteenth Street house in Oakland.

Good as "Peterson's Finish" looked in manuscript, tho, Madison had had a hard time convincing Green of its merits. "I doubt very much if the public will take to a college play," had argued the manager. "But if it doesn't go, we can run 'Just as You Say' the balance of the week. We could have pulled a good second week's business with that, anyway, if we'd only had the sense to see it."

To all of which Kenny Madison, villain par excellence, nodded assent. "But I don't believe that Wade's play is such a gamble, Green," he stated earnestly. "The plot's not very new, to be sure, but it has a lot of clever lines—and clever lines will see anything half way to success."

So "Peterson's Finish" went into rehearsal, and the company's press agent found little difficulty in getting reams of stuff printed about it—for Frank Wade was a local boy. Before the curtain rose, Monday night, on the initial presentation, even the skeptical Green acknowledged that it began to look good to him. It was brimful of comedy situations, and Green was no believer in tragic stuff—in fact, the company was little adapted to that type of thing.

At 8:10 Monday evening, Frank Wade and Green slipped quietly to seats in the lower left box, and at 8:20, Wade wiped a perspiring brow as the curtain ascended.

"Pretty fair house tonight," the manager remarked.

The first act, built along rather conventional lines, proceeded smoothly enough, but, somehow, certain of the lines, which had been counted on most, failed to register. Green, long in the game, was quick to perceive this. "I'm afraid, Wade," he whispered, "that we have a flivver on our hands." To which Wade, in a perspiring panic, could find no adequate reply.

But as the act progressed minor complications arose in which the spectators seemed to find considerable enjoyment. A telling little episode, portrayed by Ethel Forrest, the Poultney Company's chic ingenue, and Kenny Madison, in a role not as heavy as usual, was particularly catchy. And Wade's hopes rose. The curtain dropped to a mild demonstration, and ten minutes later was unfolded the beginning of the second act.

Improvement was apparent from the start. Even Green, blase and pessimistic, sat up and took notice. "I tell you what, Wade," said he, "if the balance of it was up to the caliber of what's going on right now, your play would be a sure-fire hit. Get me? Smart dialog like Madison's chattering—not too highbrow—that's the dope! Ginger! Pep!"

He watched in silence for a moment, then resumed: "See Madison. He's keeling them over! Why, it looks to me as tho he ought to have been the hero instead of the heavy! Why it is, I don't know—but Kenny Madison seems to walk away with the honors, no matter what role he is assigned. Walters isn't in it tonight! His Peterson is flabby by the side of Madison's Bordell." Walters was the Poultney leading man—a handsome-looking chap of 32, five years out of Stanford University.

Rapidly was Wade's confidence growing. "If the day is saved," the playwright spoke to himself, after digesting the meaning of Green's words, "it will be all thru Kenny. He's trying to do it for me—trying hard!"

As the curtain descended for the second time, Wade and the manager peered down from the box to size up the opinion of the audience. To judge from their countenances, the second act was voted a big improvement over the first.

Turning to the play's creator, Green remarked, "The crucial point is yet to come, Wade. Act two is big. If Number Three will only hold up, we can dig into the first spasm and make something worth while of it, by pruning and grafting."

"But if the third act——"

"If the third act fizzles, then it's to the warehouse with the special sets, first thing in the morning," said the manager grimly. "But let's hope for the best."

The point on which the comedy drama hinged was the result of a hurdle race between Peterson and Bordell, as the program styled them. And it was of this episode that Green was thinking, as the curtain rose on the third and final setting, showing a corner of a grand stand, and the finish line of the race. "If only that part were a bit more realistic," the manager muttered half aloud.

The third act did open well—it went fine right up to within eight minutes of the final curtain-fall. Then, suddenly, the action seemed to lag. The lines grew dull. Preparation for the climax foreboded a gloomy finish.

"Nothing on earth can save it," Green said seriously to his perturbed companion, as the stage crew gathered on the corner of the "practical" grand stand. "It's going to fall, and fall heavy! See! The reviewers are leaving already. It's old stuff to them—the cheering on of racers who aren't in the picture at all—racers who aren't really running at all. That sort of thing belongs to the past decade. Watch the morning papers for an unholy roast."

The race had started—that is, the principals in sight acted as tho it had, with their leaning forward to obtain a better view of the imaginary course, their wild gesticulations and their cheers.

"Lord!" groaned the manager. "That hurdle race adds the final straw. I might as well give orders to change the theater sign right now. Sorry, Wade, but your piece is unsavable." And it looked as tho Green was right. Two jaded runners—only they didn't look realistically jaded—suddenly burst into sight, and with a mighty heave of his chest, Walters, in the character of Peterson, breasted the tape by a six-inch margin. The villain was unmasked at the last moment, but, tho the efforts of Walters, Madison, Miss Forrest and their suppert were heroic, they labored against overwhelming odds.

The curtain descended to the tune of feet scraping hurriedly, disgustedly up the aisles.

"Rotten!" pronounced Green, as he prepared to leave the box.

Frank Wade was in a daze. Was this all it had come to? Six solid months of work he had put into the script before he had even intimated to his friend Madison that he was writing a play. Two months had he spent in revising it. And now—to think that all his work had come to naught! It was distressing. And what would Madison think of him? Madison, who had encouraged him from the word go—who had secured for him a production?

"Don't go yet, Mr. Green. Please don't," the playwright mumbled.

The manager glanced at the picture of dejection beside him, and sat down again. "No need to take it so hard," he advised sincerely. "Just because your first effort hasn't amounted to much is no sign that your second won't. There are lots of good things in 'Peterson's Finish' as it is. I'm sorry the wind-up wasn't better."

For fifteen minutes Green remained with the disconsolate Wade. And then another person joined them—the bright-eyed, sturdily built Kenny Madison.

Frank Wade looked up at his college chum in amazement. Kenny seemed in tiptop spirits. The play's failure hadn't affected him at all as Wade had anticipated.

"Well?" Green queried.

"Not so bad as it might have been—still, plenty of room for improvement," Madison ventured.

"You needn't hide what you really think about it behind that sort of camouflage, Kenny," put in the playwright. "Mr. Green didn't attempt to conceal his opinion of it from me—and I know he is right."

"Bosh, Wade!" spoke the Poultney Company heavy. "Don't give up the ship that readily. It has sprung only a few minor leaks, and by proper employment of the pumps she'll remain afloat a long time yet."

"What's that?" It was Green. "Don't build on the impossible, Madison. 'Peterson's Finish' is a goner. Nothing on earth can——"

"You're mistaken, Green," the heavy upheld his end. "There's too much good dope in Wade's piece. I wouldn't think of scrapping it. It can be saved, and, what's more, I know how!"

"The devil you do! What's your remedy?"

Even Frank Wade felt a little of the gloom lift from his shoulders at Kenny Madison's confident manner.

"There are dull spots in it, I'll admit," Madison defended his viewpoint, "but they can be patched by careful revision. The lines leading up to the climax need improvement. But what works most against the play's success is that back-number hurdle race run off stage. That's what needs mending most."

"And you can suggest a method?" Green was politely interested.

"I can—a method that will make a spectacular hit of it. That hurdle race should be run in plain sight of the audience!"

"But how?" The question came from Green and Frank Wade simultaneously.

"Why," expounded Madison, "by means of an endless tread, of course. I've figured the whole thing out. The stage is plenty wide, too. A ninety-foot tread, the width of two hurdles, will do the trick nicely—that and a moving background. Three tiers of hurdles can be mounted on the endless platform, and the race can be run from beginning to end in plain sight."

"By George!" exclaimed the play-

wright. "That would ginger things up."

But Green was still in pessimistic mood. "It might do, and it might not, Madison. If either of you principal men knew how to hurdle, you might make a convincing thing of it. But otherwise it would look mighty tame to see you both loafing over the barriers. Leading man must win—for that's what the play is built on, and it's almost certain to look as tho the loser was soldiering."

"It so happens that both Walters and myself are experienced hurdlers," put in Madison. "Many's the time we have been opponents over the high sticks in the U. C.-Stanford meets. If it's realism you want, believe me, it's realism you'll get!"

"Is that so—that you both are hurdlers? That puts a different aspect on the matter. Madison, it's against my better judgment, but I'm hanged if I don't gamble on another production!"

Minute orders were given the stage carpenter, and by Tuesday night the endless, moving hurdle treadway was half completed. Wade was hard at work on the first act, which Green had ordered him to make unrecognizable, and the company was reviving the popular "Just as You Say" piece.

Wednesday Wade submitted the altered first act and the strengthened climax of the third for the manager's approval.

"Good work," Green announced when he had read the manuscript. "That's what it needed, exactly. Pep. Ginger. You've got a first act now that's fully as snappy as the second. If Madison's idea only pans out we're going to have something yet."

For all of which Wade was grateful.

But when the piece was put in rehearsal the playwright could not help noticing a certain disinterestedness in his role on the part of Walters, leading man. He recited his lines listlessly and seemed totally incapable of projecting himself into the part.

"It's all on account of his confounded jealousy," Green intimated to the playwright. "He imagines that Madison is hogging all the good lines, and he's sore. I've talked with him—but it didn't seem to do any good. To the deuce with these temperamental ones! He's got to show some improvement, or I'm hanged if I don't bounce him!"

"But he plays the hero!" protested Wade. "That ought to satisfy him."

"Ought to, but doesn't. His idea and ours are at outs. He imagines that Bordell is the real hero of the piece—thinks that is the role he should have been given."

"But Bordell is the villain. In the end he proves to be only a clever crook."

"I know. But you recall the hand Madison got in the part. That's what hurts Walters."

Wade departed in thoughtful mood.

Thursday the hurdle tread was completed. On three huge drums the carpenter and his aids had constructed it. The long stage trap required for its installation had been cut, and the contrivance was ready for use, when connected with a motor.

Thursday night, following the show, Wade and Green placed chairs on the stage to witness a try-out. Madison and Walters, the latter in a particularly ugly mood, appeared in track suits, and the mechanism that operated the tread was started. Slowly at first, then faster as it gathered the proper momentum, the endless chain of closely laid narrow planks moved from left to right before their eyes. And at intervals of ten yards a set of two three feet six inches high hurdles appeared, moving swiftly to the right and vanishing behind a wing as another tier of barriers made its appearance.

"By Jove!" Green exclaimed. "She works! Now if you two can only put on something resembling a race ——"

Madison leaped lightly onto the moving platform, and nearly lost his balance in doing so. Just in time did he leap high into the air and clear the obstacle bearing down on him. Then he found his stride and, gauging his footwork accurately, tore along and sailed in championship form over each hurdle that approached.

"It's a thundering lot different from running on a cinder path," he muttered, as he leaped, winded, from the rapidly moving tread. "Seems funny to be running like the mischief and not be able to gain an inch on the scenery. Going to take a good bit of practice to get used to it. Try your luck, Walters."

He looked up surlily. "I don't imagine that it's such a task," said he, as he bounded onto the platform. But before two seconds had passed he changed his tune completely. He had not properly gauged his balance when his feet struck the moving runway, and with amazing alacrity did his feet depart from beneath him. With a grunt of disgust he was hurled clear of the affair, and rolled ludicrously out of sight behind the wing.

Madison laughed, and that laugh was the final straw.

"I'm done with the thing!" shouted the chagrined leading man, as he picked himself up and approached them. "Give me the other part and I'll stick. Otherwise ——"

"As far as I am concerned," Madison put in at this moment, "you can play Peterson or Bordell. One looks as good as the other to me. That is—if the boss is willing." He glanced in Green's direction.

The manager, whose risibles had been tickled by Walter's predicament, could hardly present a straight face to his leading man. "It's fifty-fifty to me," he chuckled. "Provided you're willing to be defeated in the hurdle race, as Bordell's part calls for."

"But that could be changed," suggested the crestfallen Walters. "A few lines at the end would make it O. K. Let Bordell win. Then the surprise will be all the more at the climax. If there was a bit of taking business in Peterson's part, I wouldn't kick. But here you're featuring me as leading man and handing Madison all the peppy lines."

"Nonsense!" spluttered Green. "You can have either part you want, so long as Madison is willing, but I'm hanged if there's going to be any altering done for your benefit. I'm sleepy. See you tomorrow. Have this thing settled by then." He took his leave.

But to the eyes of Frank Wade, playwright, had come a most peculiar look. He rubbed his hands together as he jumped to his feet. "By George, fellows! I think I've got something big!" And he stepped between them. "You'll both agree that this business of leading man and villain quarreling isn't going to do the piece a bit of good. Naturally each of you wants the cream of the parts. And Green wants realism. Hang me if I don't think I can give it to him—with a vengeance!"

Kenny Madison's face became radiant—even into Walters' eyes came interest. "What is your idea, Frank?" the former queried.

In a few whispered words the playwright laid it before them. "And now, gentlemen, if you are both sincere, and game, and I think you are," he concluded, "prove it."

"It is an innovation," applauded Walters, to whom it more than appealed.

"Innovation is right!" seconded the enthusiastic Madison. "Frank, it's big! Why, it will make the thing a howling success. It will draw like a suction pump. Walters, are you willing to shake hands on our differences, and leave it up to—to Wade's idea?"

"Madison, I take you," said the leading man.

"But, for the Lord's sake, don't breathe a word of this to Green," cautioned the heavy. "It's too confounded revolutionary for him. He'd be afraid to tackle it. We've got to spring it as a surprise on him."

To the wisdom of which they both agreed.

"But how can we?" Wade asked.

"Easy. You go home and make the alterations necessary, Frank. And leave the rest to me. I'll put the rest of the company hep. Jove, wouldn't Green have a fit if he discovered it! And you and I have got to get used to this confounded tread, eh, Walters?"

"You bet!" conceded the leading man.

By Friday night the scene painters had completed the moving panorama which was to furnish the background for the hurdle race. Too, by Friday night were Walters and Madison thoroly used to the peculiar track on which they must run.

Walters had decided to remain in the role of Peterson, much to Green's relief and wonder, and the two male principals apparently had settled their differences.

But, all unknown to Green, Frank Wade had delivered to Kenny Madison a few sparkling pages of manuscript which hitherto had not seen the light of day. And to such good effect did Madison conceal his doings from the manager that Green never so much as suspected that anything unannounced was going on.

The reviewers had not panned "Peterson's Finish" so hard as Green had predicted, and already were they heralding the production of the postponed, but much improved, comedy of college life. In a vague manner was a spectacular third act spoken of, and the press seemed to imply that a feast was in store for those fortunate enough to secure seats for the run opening Monday.

Monday evening the house was comfortably filled, and again did Wade and Green occupy the lower left box. But this time the playwright was in a much airier mood than before. Optimism fairly bubbled out of his pores.

"I've a hunch, Green," he confided before the curtain rose, "that we have no failure on our hands this evening. Actors are all in accord, and the mechanical effects are working perfectly. I predict a success!"

"And I almost think you are right," chimed in the manager. "The fact that Walters and Madison aren't at outs augurs well with me. Nothing is so apt to play havoc with a piece as bad blood among the members of the company."

"And yet," admitted Wade, strictly to himself, "I'm banking on bad blood turning the tide just the opposite way."

To judge from the rousing new opening Wade had written, the piece was going to be liked from the jump. In a truly marvelous manner had he injected new and witty business where "Peterson's Finish" needed it most.

Situation followed situation, and hand after hand of applause was the reward of a player's catchy phrase or unctuous bit of business. Even Green took an interest which he seldom felt in a piece whose rehearsals he had watched.

The company took three curtain calls at the end of act one. An enthusiastic audience awaited with impatience the second act. The music, aptly chosen, keyed them up to a mood of joyous expectation as, finally, the curtain rose.

The second act had been altered little. It had needed practically no revision at all. They choked with laughter and rolled in their seats as the pure comedy situations followed one another in a seemingly endless chain of merriment.

The house fairly rocked with applause as this hopelessly bewildered array of farceurs was hidden from their sight by the curtain's fall.

"George!" ejaculated Green. "It's even better than I had expected. Wade, I made no mistake in acting on Madison's advice and giving 'Peterson's Finish' another and a better production."

All of which the happy playwright drank in without comment. "If it only holds up!" he prayed silently. "But it has to! It is going to. I feel it!"

Act three began lustily. The pace seemed never to have slackened. Truly remarkable was the manner in which the interest had been held. Straight toward the climax did the play progress, with never a hitch. But ten minutes of action remained. Green leaned eagerly forward to catch the slightest lessening of interest. But the interest did not lessen.

The drop arose, disclosing the athletic setting. The tread was not visible to the spectators, due to a concealment of vines and shrubbery which covered the stage in front of it. A faint sound as of turning wheels was heard. Came the crack of a pistol from off stage.

Then, suddenly, leaped into sight two runners in track uniform—Peterson and his rival, Bordell. The panorama background began moving, as, secretly, did the endless tread.

The men were running now—really running. Yet they always were in sight. Neck and neck did they go. Knee and knee did they rise for each obstacle. Toe and toe did they drop to earth and speed on. It was exciting—it had all the realism of a genuine race, with the advantage of the spectators being directly in line with the runners all of the way. And the men were running!

Even Green, years in the business, was struck by the wonderful resemblance the contest bore to a genuine hurdle race. "Gosh!" he exclaimed to his fascinated companion. "I never thought it possible for them to put it on in this way! Why, to watch them, you can't tell which one will win!"

"You can't!" agreed Wade heartily.

Seven hurdles had been safely cleared, and suddenly Peterson, portrayed by Walters, secured a slight advantage. Barely distinguishable was his lead over the rapidly coming second man. The eighth barrier was topped—Madison, as Bordell, came abreast.

With difficulty could the audience remain in their seats. Now and then a cheer would ring out from their part of the house. The ninth hurdle was cleared. Came the dash for the final one.

These men could not be acting. Each seemed genuinely intent on victory. There was the look of real rivalry in their faces—in each the determination to win.

"Madison's got to slow up mighty suddenly," the fascinated Green muttered. "Else he'll spoil everything by beating Walters in. Lord! He's ahead now! What's the matter with him? If he doesn't——"

But Madison didn't. He touched ground first after the clearance of the final barrier. The tread slowed down, and, fully a foot in advance of the gasping second man, Bordell plunged on to victory.

The tape parted at the extreme left side of the stage—parted by the impact of Madison's chest, not Walters'.

"Ruined!" groaned the manager, as the house burst into an unchecked cheering pandemonium.

The drop fell and concealed the running course, as the principals gathered near the footlights for the denouement. To Green's bewilderment, not one of them seemed at all flurried by Madison's untoward performance in Bordell's part.

Their lines they took up as they had been dropped prior to the race—but such lines! They were entirely new to the flabbergasted manager's ears. But they seemed to fit the situation. Surely they could not be impromptu.

"What in the devil is the meaning of this?" Green demanded of the play's author. "We didn't rehearse it that way. It looks as tho Bordell's victory was the logical thing—the way they're playing it. What's that?"

Again he focused his eyes on the stage, where a last-minute development had come to light. To the complete surprise, but also to the total enjoyment of the spectators—and, incidentally, to Green's absolute amazement—the mask was whipped from the character, Peterson, and he stood revealed, not as the hero, but as the villain masquerading in virtuous clothes.

The surprise twist took the audience by storm, and lent a significant light to earlier events in the play. Peterson, they had been led to believe, was the really honest, above-board one of the two, yet, in a flash, he was shown in his true light, and the previous doubt as to Bordell was dispelled, as tho a fog had suddenly lifted.

The curtain dropped to overwhelming applause, and had to be raised time and again as, one by one, and in couples and quartets, the players acknowledged the straight-from-the-heart sentiments of the appreciative spectators.

"It's a hit, isn't it, Green?" the joyous playwright asked of his companion. "You aren't sore that we tricked you?"

"Tricked me?" A new light came into the producer's eyes. "You have tricked me?"

Came a fresh cry from the audience. "Author! Author! We want Wade!"

Frank Wade, flustered and red, stood up in the box. A hush fell over the gathering as he bowed.

"Just a word or two," he observed in a voice made unsteady by his strange surroundings. "If the play has succeeded, and apparently it has, to judge from your whole-hearted appreciation, I want to say that it is not due to my efforts alone. I wrote the thing. Rewrote it, in fact, time and again. And I believe it is something of a novelty in playwriting. You may not have realized it, but 'Peterson's Finish' is a play with two endings.

"One of them you have just witnessed, and liked. I hope the other pleases you equally as well, should you see it. I want to impress upon you the fact that that hurdle race was the real thing. Its result was absolutely unknown to any of us until it was over. Either man might have won. Both tried as valiantly as they ever did when running for their alma maters—the University of California, and Leland Stanford Junior—to win. But a win was possible for only one of them—Mr. Madison, this evening."

He paused a few seconds, then continued: "Had Mr. Walters taken the race an entirely different ending to the play would have been disclosed. Come again some other evening and you may hear the other side of the story—for every night the hurdle race is going to be the real thing. I thank you."

"Well, I'll be darned!" ejaculated Green, as Wade sat down. "Man, if any of the big Eastern producers hear of 'Peterson's Finish' your name is made. Wade, congratulations! Even if you did bilk me!"

## NO ROOM

*There's room for every man alive,*
*There will be room forever*
*For all who are prepared to drive*
*With genuine endeavor;*
*Who love earth's joy but do not shun*
*The cup that may be bitter.*
*There's room for all excepting one,*
*There's no room for the quitter.*

*There's room for men with honest hearts,*
*For men of brain and muscle,*
*For those accomplished in the arts,*
*For those who delve and hustle.*
*We need them all to check the sway*
*Of heartless pomp and glitter*
*Save one. Oh, take him far away,*
*There's no room for the quitter.*

*Third Installment of a Serial Story of German Plotting*

# Attila of the Destroying Rays

## By Stephen Gaillard

### Events of the Story to Date

WHEN a ring of murdering German agents gets hold of Professor Leanderthal, it tries to place him under the spell of a beautiful vampire woman in order to get him to finish an invention which will make war impossible. The spies desire it for Germany, so that nation can dominate the world by wiping out all opposing armies. A Turk, who is one of the spies, falls in love with the professor's daughter. He drugs her and is about to attempt to carry out his vile aim when the girl's sweetheart rescues her and takes her to her uncle's house. Soon after this the uncle is murdered. The girl's sweetheart, whose name is Warfield, goes to Frontivard, the great detective, and explains the case. The detective connects the murder with a strange chain of murders. He sends Warfield straight to the murdered man's house, and tells him to guard the girl, Caroline, day and night, and plunges into the thrilling case. Matthew Lehmann, a newspaper man who has been exposing German propaganda in America, and who was supposed to have been slain by the murder ring, suddenly and mysteriously appears at Frontivard's apartments. The Germans had slain his brother by mistake, and Lehmann had fled to Florida. He tells Frontivard of how he had helped an old smuggler out of trouble, and that in return the smuggler had taken him to a great isolated fortress of rock in the Atlantic off the South American coast and showed him a German fleet composed of many ships anchored in a wonderful harbor inside the great rock cliffs. His story shows that the ships are a part of a gigantic plot to bring America to her knees and place her under the rule of Attila. Frontivard and his aids leave immediately for the laboratory, where the professor has his destroying ray machine. The spies are there watching experiments.

The earlier chapters of this story may be read in full by obtaining back copies of the Ledger from our agents, news dealers, or thru our office. The story began in issue No. 25, dated June 22.

**As the Killer Stumbled Against It, He Lost His Balance, and With One Demoniac Yell, He Hurtled Headlong Down to the Cement Pavement, Sixty Feet Below.**

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### CHAPTER XII.
### DEMONS.

"BY JOVE!" whispered Frontivard, raising himself from an extremely cramped position behind an empty packing case, "if a jackknife could feel it would feel just as I have done this last half hour."

"Huh!" said Reverdy, cautiously extricating his big frame from a similar hiding place, "we're going to have exercise enough presently, I'm thinking. Look, look yonder! I think the devil must have eyes like that."

Even as he spoke he was interrupted by a low fierce growl, and two balls of green flame glared at them in the darkness.

"Yes, I see him, and at this moment I'd very much prefer to see the devil," said Frontivard with the imperturbable sang-froid which rendered him doubly terrible in moments of danger; "Carey, where are you?"

"Here I am," said the Imp, who had also extricated himself from his hiding place behnd the empty packing cases.

The balls of green flame seemed to have come nearer.

"All right," said Frontivard, "you two stay right here where you are, and whatever happens, don't make no noise and don't use your pistols."

"And you?"

"I'm going to meet our satanic friend yonder, who, I think, is going to save me the trouble of going all the way."

"You will be killed."

"Some day, very likely, my friends; but not tonight."

"Why not all three of us rush him?"

"We would get in each other's way and some of us would be sure to be mauled; besides, we should make a devil of a racket, and we simply must get out of here without being discovered. We've seen the other fellows hand tonight; Lehmann showed us some of his cards and we've seen another one here; and if we are to win we must play out the game without showing him our own. Single combat is the only way, and I will win, because—I must win."

While Frontivard was speaking the fiery eyes had drawn nearer.

In his hand the detective held the cane which he almost always carried. He pressed a secret spring in the handle of it, there was a swish and a rattle upon the floor, and no longer a cane, but a keen steel blade was in his hand.

Kimry growled savagely as he heard the empty scabbard clatter upon the floor and crouched for the spring. Frontivard took an electric flashlight from his pocket and flashed it straight in the beast's eyes. Half dazzled by the sudden glare, Kimry changed his purpose and retreated snarling. Still keeping the ray of the flashlight upon him, Frontivard advanced. "Reverdy," he said in a low voice, without turning his head, "flash your light, not on me, but just in front of me, about level with my head and shoulders."

Kimry fell back, his white, cruel fangs and green, demon eyes gleaming in the glare of the flashlight, until he reached the door of the laboratory. Frontivard advanced slowly, keeping the glare of his flashlight upon the leopard, watching his every movement narrowly and holding the keen steel blade poised and ready in his hands. A few feet in front of him a second ray of light cut the darkness guided by Reverdy's steady hand. As Kimry's swishing tail struck the door the great beast gathered himself together. He was terrible to look upon, the very incarnation of demoniac fear and fury. The man in front of him might have represented cold, resolute, iron-hearted watchfulness and daring. With a snarl of concentrated rage the yellow, spotted body launched itself into the darkness; the fraction of a second later it cut the ray of light that gleamed steadily in front of Frontivard, who had stepped aside with lightning swiftness. The keen steel blade flashed forth like living flame from the black shadows into the ray of brilliance, passed thru Kimry's body just behind the shoulder, and the great leopard fell with a heavy thud upon the cement floor in the throes of death. The blade had passed thru his heart and he died almost without a struggle.

"Carey," said Frontivard as Reverdy and the Imp reached his side, "do any of the upper windows in the house look down upon the skylight over this laboratory?"

"No," said the Imp, "not directly; there is very little chance of a light being seen from the house."

"That's good; nevertheless, we will stick to the flashlights. Now the question is what to do with this poor beast's body, who was far less dangerous than that Oriental vixen, his mistress, would be," said Frontivard.

"Why not see if we can't work that machine they were experimenting with and try its effect upon his carcass," said Reverdy.

"My boy, you occasionally have an inspiration. As you are the strong man of the party, please be so good as to bring him over here and we will see if this stand will hold him," and guiding himself by the ray of the flashlight Frontivard led the way across the laboratory.

A few moments later the body of the leopard was laid upon the glass-topped table and the destroying rays were brought into use.

Frontivard had watched the trio from his place of concealment as they had experimented with the awful machine, and he had little difficulty in manipulating the levers. As the hissing, crackling sound began the three secret agents expected the darkness to reveal some visible manifestation of the force they had set in motion, but it failed to do so. But as Frontivard gained the proper focus, guided by the torches of Reverdy and the Imp, they were transfixed with horror at seeing the leopard's body begin to shrink and shrivel and finally, within less than a minute after the disintegrating vibrations were turned upon it, disappear in a cloud of impalpable vapor.

"Great God! that's hellish!" whispered Carey. "Let's get out of here."

"We can't go too soon to suit me," said Reverdy.

"Wait a minute," said Frontivard; "don't lose your nerve. Let's see if the box is damaged, and there are blood stains on the floor to be removed, too."

A portion of the box had been destroyed, leaving behind a very small amount of a dust-like ash; the rest of it Reverdy broke into pieces which he tucked under his arm preparatory to carrying them away. Frontivard and Carey found a sink in one corner and, with some old rags they found lying about, wiped the blood stains from the floor, afterward bundling up the rags to be carried away also. Finally, after obliterating all signs of their nocturnal visit, the three detectives climbed out of the window thru which they had come.

"I'll bet," said Frontivard, as they reached the ground, "that our friend, Frau Hauptmann, will have some trouble solving the mystery of her amiable pet's disappearance."

"That thing will make murder as easy as smoking a cigar," was Reverdy's comment.

### CHAPTER XIII.
### ESPIONAGE.

THE dawn of a new day was paling the sky as the three detectives crossed the grounds of "Gruenewald" and, scaling the wall, leaped down beside the road.

"It must be near morning," said Reverdy, drawing a deep breath. "I hope the car's where we left it."

"Yes," said Frontivard, "the car is quite essential if we are going to follow our friend, Professor Ostberg."

"Professor Ostberg What the devil! He returned to Europe two months ago," exclaimed Reverdy.

"He was supposed to have returned, yes; but evidently he has not done so. Didn't you hear Warfield mention his intimacy with Otto Leanderthal this afternoon?" Frontivard pointed out.

"Yes, but I supposed that was before his return to Europe," added Reverdy.

"Well, it wasn't, because our bull-necked friend whom we have been watching is Professor Ostberg," Frontivard said.

"But how do you know?" Reverdy insisted.

"You may well ask the question, Reverdy, for tho his three months' visit to Chicago was widely heralded in the press, it is doubtful if half a dozen persons saw him while he was here. You may, perhaps, remember that there was considerable comment in the newspapers upon his secrecy—exclusiveness, they called it. He rented a private house for the use of his party, denied himself to interviewers, and altogether behaved in quite an extraordinary manner; and yet he appears

to have been so taken with our city that he decided to remain in it incognito."

"But how do you know this man is he?" Reverdy asked.

"Oh, I saw him during his much advertised visit; I made it my business to see him, expecting as I did to take an active interest in pro-German propaganda in the near future," replied Frontivard. "The illustrious professor probably remembers an audacious reporter who made his way into his august presence in spite of the protests of his attendants and gained the only interview with him that was published during his stay. His servants did everything but throw me out—that would not quite have done, you know."

"Well, I'll be d—d!" muttered Reverdy.

The three men had by this time reached their machine, which was concealed in a clump of trees and reeds near the road.

"What are we going to do now?" said Reverdy.

"We are going to wait for the professor's car to pass," Frontivard answered.

"Speak of the devil," said Carey, "here it comes now."

At the moment an automobile issued from the gate of Frau Hauptmann's residence and turned south along the road.

"McTavish," said Frontivard, "it is up to you now. Keep that machine in sight without appearing to try to do so."

So an hour before dawn the two machines sped southward on Sheridan road. Thru Hubbard Woods and Winnetka they sped, apparently without the suspicion of the occupants of the car in front being aroused that they were being followed; but as they reached the environs of Kenilworth and the full light of day spread across the sky, the big black limousine that had been leading at a leisurely pace, suddenly shot forward at terrific speed.

"Ha!" exclaimed Frontivard, sitting beside McTavish, "they're trying to lose us! Full speed ahead, Mac!"

The roadster in which they were riding fairly leaped forward as McTavish threw her into the high and began to overhaul the limousine, which had nearly gotten out of sight. Kenilworth was quickly left behind, and as they passed Wilmette the two cars were going fully fifty miles an hour.

Upon reaching the environs of Evanston the limousine, which was well ahead, suddenly turned westward.

"Now what?" muttered Frontivard.

"By Jove!" rejoined McTavish, "they're slowing up at Central street station."

"Yes; and there's our bull-necked friend getting out," replied Frontivard, at the same time pulling out his watch. "Ah," he continued, "I see his scheme now. If the elevated is running on schedule there's a train pulling out for the city in just thirty seconds and he means to catch it and shake us."

"We can still make it," said McTavish.

"Yes, but not without showing our hand too plainly. I know a better way. Ha! there he is now, running along the platform, and, by Jove! he's made it. Turn the car south, Mac, and head for Davis street station sixty miles an hour."

At Davis street the train that the three detectives had seen pulling out from Central street a few minutes before was boarded by a man who had leaped from a black roadster and run up the station steps a minute before its arrival. Passing thru several coaches he finally seated himself in one the only other occupants of which were a couple of youths evidently just arrived on the suburban electric from some country town, and a thick-set man who wore a light overcoat, notwithstading the midsummer morning, and had a crusher hat pulled down over his eyes.

The man who had boarded the train at Davis street was Carey, the Imp, whom Attila did not in the least suspect of being one of the occupants of the car which had followed his limousine from Highland Park.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE KILLER.

IT WAS four o'clock in the afternoon when Frontivard emerged from his bedroom adjoining the chamber which served him as sitting room, business office and study. He found Carey waiting for him.

"What news?" asked Frontivard.

"I've got our man spotted," replied Carey. "Found him on the train and had no trouble trailing him after that. He lives in Woodlawn. Ingleside avenue. Big house in grounds. You'd never suspect anybody lived there. I found out, too, that no one is supposed to live there. The bull-necked one slipped down the alley and in the back way. There's a narrow passage between stone walls with a gate opening from the passage onto a covered rear porch of the empty house. Any one that saw him turn down the passage would not know whether he was going to the empty house or an apartment building next to it. Blinds are all drawn close. They could have a dozen arc lamps going in the place and I don't believe you could see a twinkle from the outside."

"What number?" said Frontivard.

The Imp gave him a number in the fifties. "You couldn't miss it," he added; "biggest single house in the block and the only one in grounds."

"Hum!" mused Reverdy, who had entered a few moments before, and strolling over to an arm-chair, lighted a cigar, "do you remember the empty house in Dearborn street in the case of the Rush street murders, and the interesting find the police made there a couple of days after we rescued Banker Fordham from it?"

"Reverdy, you are certainly a mind reader," said Frontivard, "I am thinking of that very house."

"I suppose there would be a great noise among the police if they should find a house full of Boches—er—ah—eliminated—in precisely the same way," said Reverdy reflectively.

"Probably," said Frontivard. "Ah, hello, Van Arsdale," as the door opened. "What brings you here?"

"The Killer," answered Van Arsdale laconically.

"The devil! Something fresh? Lehmann's not assassinated, is he?" Frontivard asked sharply.

"No; only scared stiff," the newcomer answered.

"Faith!" said Reverdy, "if those devils have got on his trail again I don't blame him. After last night I begin to think I have nerves myself."

"What is the situation, Kurt?" said Frontivard to Van Arsdale. "Is he in imminent danger?"

"Not so long as he stays in the apartment down yonder with the doors locked," replied the secret agent, "but if he were to venture out I wouldn't give a plugged nickel for his life. You see," he went on, "after we got down there last night, which we did safely enough, tho I'd swear that we must have been followed, I telephoned for one of our men to come and get the machine. The telephone is in the dining-room, which has just one big window in it a little below the level of the roof of the next building. You see, the apartment we went to is on the fourth floor, and the building next door has only three stories. Well, luckily enough, I had not switched on the light in the dining-room, and as I sat at the telephone looking across at the roof next door I fancied I saw something move behind the parapet. You may imagine I was on the alert in an instant, and after I had finished my call and hung up, I called softly to Lehmann to stay right where he was—he was in a little den across the hall from the dining-room—and remained myself sitting beside the telephone stand watching the roof opposite. I must have sat there fully half an hour, and had about concluded to give it up when I saw a smallish figure of a man—downright little, he was—rise cautiously up from behind the parapet and look across at our apartment. I jumped up and went to the window, keeping away from in front of it, of course, and had a good look at him. Well, sir, of course I couldn't make out his face in the darkness, but I give you my word there was something about that man that made the cold shivers run up and down my spine. I can't describe what it was, but it was horrible—devilish. I wanted to pull my gun right then and there and drive a bullet thru him, same as I would a mad dog. If I hadn't ever heard of the murder of Professor Leanderthal I'd have known that man was a killer. Impish, devilish, he was. I remembered a shiver going over me as I entered the dining-room, and d—d if I don't believe I felt his presence without even knowing he was anywhere near. Well, he ducked down behind the parapet again presently, and then I went and joined Lehmann in the den. He had called to me half a dozen times to know what was the matter and why I kept telling him to stay where he was; and believe me, when I told him the reason he went all of a tremble and pale as a ghost, and I don't blame him. He was for quitting the place at once and going to a hotel, but I said 'No.' You see, I judged we were safe enough where we were as long as we didn't show ourselves in front of any of the windows on the side towards the building next door; much safer, in fact, than if we went roaming about the city in the night with that thing loose that I had seen on the roof; and besides, I thought that as long as Lehmann remained in the apartment he would be a bait to keep our man where he was; which was what I felt sure you would want; whereas if we changed quarters, even if he did not get us, we would be sure to lose him."

"Right," said Frontivard, "absolutely right. Did you ascertain how he gained access to that roof?"

Van Arsdale fairly beamed with pleasure at his chief's expression of approval. "Oh, sure," he said, "getting up there is perfectly simple. There's a fire escape on the side towards the alley in the rear; any one can go clear up to the roof in the dark without much danger of attracting attention."

"Good," said Frontivard. "Now, Van," he continued, "you return at once to the apartment; you will watch over this Matthew Lehmann as if he were the eye in your head, for his safety becomes more and more essential to my plans, the very keystone of the arch, in fact. Tonight the Killer, as you call him, will doubtless reappear. Watch for him, and the moment he does so call me on the 'phone."

When Van Arsdale had departed Frontivard called a certain Calumet number on the telephone, gave the party who answered some brief instructions, and then, lighting a black cigar, picked up Professor Leanderthal's monograph on "Rays."

## CHAPTER XV.

### FRONTIVARD GROWS ACADEMIC.

"MY FRIENDS," said the great detective, swinging around in the swivel chair with the volume in his hand, "The great trouble with almost all detectives is that they lack imagination and breadth of view. To demonstrate," he went on, leaning back in his chair, "this little volume here, upon a most abstruse subject, which, I confess freely, is too deep for me, but which I am much nearer to comprehending today than I was when I laid it down yesterday afternoon, is the key to what we saw last night and also to the infatuation of Prof. Otto Leanderthal with his German friends, which I believe is much less infatuation on his part than the result of cool and very sagacious calculation upon theirs."

"All of which," said Reverdy," is doubtless very clear to you; but I protest I don't understand a word of it."

Frontivard shrugged his shoulders indulgently.

"Why," he continued, "the thing is perfectly clear. Professor Leanderthal, who is one of the greatest scientists of the age, has for many years been engaged in the study of certain mysterious and little understood forces which present astounding possibilities in their relation to the integration and disintegration of matter. He writes a book on the subject—the one I hold in my hand—which makes a tremendous sensation in the scientific world. Altho it was only published a little more than a year ago, this little volume has given rise to enough discussion in print—mostly in contravention of the daring theories it contains—to fill a library.

"One thing which the book demonstrates very clearly is that the development of the Professor's studies of the forces in question has been mostly along the line of their destructive aspects in relation to matter; and that is doubtless what awakened the very keen and active interest of our German friends.

"Engaged in a titanic struggle which for them can only end, to use one of their own phrases, in world domination or downfall, it is not surprising that their keen intellects should have at once grasped the possibilities of adapting to warlike uses the tremendous destructive forces which Professor Leanderthal had studied solely with a view to making war impossible. To obtain an ascendency over the mighty mind whose written words presage his approaching mastery over mysterious and terrific forces at once becomes to them of paramount importance; and to me every step which has led up to that end bears the stamp of premeditated and far-reaching design. Certain leading spirits in the scientific field, among them—notably, Professor Ostberg, of the University of Jena—enter into correspondence with Professor Leanderthal; they direct his attention to and awaken his interest in those mysterious manifestations achieved by the Buddhist Adepts of Tibet, rumors of which have from time to time reached the outside world; and which would seem to bear an analogy, more or less remote, to the studies which he is pursuing. He is induced to visit the East. Upon his way home he visits Berlin and meets Professor Ostberg and other German scientists, who make much of him and his theories, albeit without heralding the fact broadcast thru the world. In fact, upon his return to the United States very few people were even aware that he had been in Berlin.

"He returns, if not actually pro-German, at least convinced of the sincerity of the desire which they profess of ending the holocaust which has overwhelmed the world. Upon his return he opens his house to them to the almost entire exclusion of his oldest friends and associates; to the entire exclusion of all who do not manifest an appreciation of his new found friends equal to his own; to the straining—almost to the breaking—of lifelong bonds of affection between himself and his own brother.

"I have no doubt that subtle flattery, the recognition and acceptance of his audacious theories by his Teuton confreres, in striking and grateful contrast, as it was, to the incredulity, even ridicule, with which they had been received in other quarters, had much to do with his astonishing infatuation. Genius, even the most lofty, is very often peculiarly susceptible to be influenced by appreciation.

"And so the desired, the necessary ascendency over the mighty mind is attained," continued Frontivard. "But that is not enough; it must be maintained. Therefore it is that upon his return he still continues to be surrounded by Germans and German influences, to the exclusion, as far as possible, of all others. To that end appears upon the scene Frau Hauptmann of whom we have heard from Penryhnn Warfield, and whom we saw last night; and who, if my intuition is not far amiss, bears a close relationship to the supposed Professor Ostberg. I have no doubt that Leanderthal had previously met her in Germany and that the sources of her influence over him are other than vulgar minds would be quick to imagine. At any rate, she appears upon the scene—an appearance which precedes by only a short time the visit of the supposed Professor Ostberg to Chicago; for I very much doubt if the real Ostberg has ever left the University of Jena—he may even be an entirely mythical personage; certain I am at least that the man who masquerades under his name is a far more illustrious and formidable personality. However that may be, the supposed Ostberg makes his brief and, as far as the public is concerned, very unsatisfactory visit, and then ostensibly departs, but in reality remains incognito. To what end, it may be asked: Doubtless to be nearer to the scene of the development of Leanderthal's investigations and experiments, which shall place in the hands of the Central Powers a weapon of such destructive power as to render them irresistible; to control, as from a central point, the network of conspiracy and espionage and murderous intrigue which envelopes this land; to be ready to strike the blow for which, as Lehmann's revelations would seem to indicate, preparations, secret and formidable, are making, should circumstances seem to warrant it."

Frontivard's auditors had listened to him with profound attention. When Frontivard paused Reverdy arose, tossed the end of a cigar into an ash tray, and lighted another. "If this fellow who poses as Ostberg is not Ostberg," he said, resuming his recumbent attitude, "then who is he?"

"I do not know yet," replied Frontivard, "I can only tell you whom I suspect him to be."

"Well, that is almost as interesting. Whom do you suspect him to be?" asked Reverdy.

"The Prince Attila-von Schlachtberg," answered Frontivard.

"Just like that," said Reverdy mockingly. "Now if you'll please tell me who the devil the Prince Attila-von Schlachtberg is, perhaps I'll begin to show signs of human intelligence; as it is, I am obliged to protest that I never heard of him."

"To be perfectly frank," answered Frontivard, "I myself know very little about him, a lack of knowledge in which, however, I have almost all the rest of the world for company. It is 'Mittel Europa's' man of mystery. Uniting in his parentage, as I have heard, the most illustrious strains of the Teutonic and Turkish races, he wields a tremendous tho hidden influence, both in Germany and Turkey; and yet the world rarely hears of him. His name is whispered in trepidation and terror even by his friends; his power is a vague intangible shadow; his ambition and his designs a boundless yet unknown quantity. Yet I believe that it was his influence more than any other urged Germany into war.

"In my opinion he is a modernized Attila in spirit as well as in name; a scientific Attila, uniting with the barbaric ambition of the Hunnish conqueror, the skill in intrigue of a Machiavelli and the most modern soldier," concluded Frontivard.

"Why not have made an end of him last night?" said Carey, "and also smash Leanderthal's hellish machine?"

"The time was not yet ripe," Frontivard replied. "'Tis true we could have destroyed him; but we would have destroyed ourselves also; and only despair should dictate such a course. No, no; the artist's love of completeness in my work grows upon me; and when the Prince von Schlachtberg and I shall at last come to grips, either his work shall perish with him utterly and the menace which he embodies be lifted from this land forever, or for Frontivard there shall be no tomorrow."

"Nor for Reverdy," said the big man. "Nor for Carey," said the Imp, both with a matter of fact simplicity that was sublime.

Frontivard smiled upon them, his grim, fleeting smile.

"Well," he said, "the case is serious—we have never faced a more dangerous antagonist—but by no means desperate. It is egotistical to say so, I know, but I have always believed I could have taught tricks to Machiavelli; and in desperate audacity there is an element of surprise for the other fellow which often overcomes the greatest odds."

The evening had worn away while they talked and darkness had come with an overcast sky. Suddenly the telephone bell rang. Frontivard answered it.

"Enough of talk, my friends," he said as he hung up the receiver, "the time for action has come. I trust that before another sunrise a murderer will have received his just deserts."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE KILLER'S FATE.

DESCENDING to the street the three detectives walked briskly along Goethe street towards Clark. Goethe is rather narrow for a Chicago thorofare. The houses crowd close upon the sidewalks, which are narrow, and give the impression of being pinched between the roadway and the buildings. The neighborhood may be described as genteel, with something of the coldness of outward aspect which seems to be associated with a certain kind of gentility.

Heavy black clouds obscured the stars of the night sky, and rumbles of thunder were punctuated by flashes of lightning.

At the corner of Clark street there is a buffet with a side entrance on Goethe. In front of the side entrance, as the three

men approached, stood a green touring car with the top raised. As they came abreast of it, having crossed the street, they turned and entered the car. To a casual observer, unless standing very near, it would have appeared as if they had emerged from the side entrance.

"Drive south," said Frontivard to the chauffeur. Three quarters of an hour later the car came to a stop at the corner of Drexel avenue and the street in which the apartment of Barstow of The Courier was located.

"Carey," said Frontivard, "you will go on ahead. Arrived at the apartment, you will instruct Van Arsdale that you and he and Lehmann are to sit in the dining-room without any light—the night is sultry enough for it to seem quite natural that you should desire to lessen the heat as much as possible by sitting in the dark. Smoke if you like, but smoke pipes—on no account light a match in that room, and on no account have a light in any of the rooms behind you against which your forms might be silhouetted. Leave the window open of course, and talk loud enough for the thing that watches to hear. Do you understand?"

"Perfectly," said Carey, "we are to keep the Killer's whole attention riveted on that window, watching for the chance to get a shot at us, while you take him from behind."

"Precisely. We will give you half an hour to make your arrangements," the great detective said.

The Imp faded into the shadows.

A sudden gust of wind, the precurser of the storm, whipped the tops of the trees along the avenue. Overhead the night was inky black; illumined occasionally by flashes of lightning still faint and distant, but drawing rapidly nearer; below in the streets the brilliant circles of light thrown by the arc lamps served but to intensify the surrounding darkness.

"Carey must have his preparations made by this time," said Reverdy, looking at his watch. "If we don't hurry the storm will break before we get there."

"So much the better if it does," replied Frontivard, "better for the Killer's work and—ours. But come; it is time."

Behind the parapet on the roof of an apartment building, separated from the one in which Barstow lived by a twenty-foot driveway by which tradesmen's wagons gained the rear, crouched a figure of horror. In his hands was a short rifle equipped with a silencer which was a Teutonic improvement upon Maxim's invention—Maxim's invention brought to perfection. His face could not be seen. Like a reptile he crouched watching, listening; listening to the low hum of conversation from across the passageway, watching for the chance to send the silent bullet to the heart of one of the speakers, for the opportunity to strike and slay. His was a reptile's motionless poise, the reptile's deadly malignity. There was a movement among the speakers in the room opposite as a flicker of lightning revealed them for the fraction of a second, and a snake-like forward thrust of the square head behind the parapet which the same lightning flash for an instant illumined, but almost before the eye could frame the group in fleeting outline the brief glare was gone and blacker darkness reigned; and the square head was drawn back again, watching, watching.

The square-headed man was too intent upon his prey; too intent by far. Had he thought to look behind him, he would have seen among the shadows on that roof a blacker shadow appear; he would have seen another shadow follow it.

Suddenly there was another and more terrific lightning flash, and the thunder peal that accompanied it seemed to split the very heavens asunder. The venomous thing behind the parapet turned for an instant to look up at the flaming heavens, turned, and saw his doom. He sprang up and tried to throw the rifle forward, but the barrel was caught in a grip of steel and another grip of steel closed over the hand that tried to pull the trigger. For a moment they swayed and struggled. By the glare of the lightning that now flamed unceasingly, thru the sheets of rain that enveloped the antagonists, Frontivard caught a glimpse of gray, deep-set, deadly eyes, of gleaming, fang-like teeth, and a face that had not its match for pure malignity outside of hell itself; and then he wrenched the rifle from the muscular, talon-like hands and hurled the Killer back against the parapet.

It was low, scarce two feet high, and as the Killer stumbled against it he lost his balance, and with one demoniac yell, wrenched from his heart by the nearness of death, hurtled headlong down to the cement pavement sixty feet below.

"Quick, Reverdy," said Frontivard, "that yell could be heard above the storm," and the two detectives sprang thru the blinding rain to the fire escape.

A few moments later two dripping figures entered the apartment of Barstow of The Courier by the back door. Van Arsdale let them in and in the little den across the hallway from the dining-room they found Carey and Lehmann, the latter pale and trmbling.

"My God!" he said, "My God! I caught a glimpse of his face as he fell. It will haunt me to my death."

"Nonsense man," said Frontivard. "A man to have dared as much as you have dared, and to have the nerve taken out of him by a glimpse of a murderer's face!"

"I quite agree with Lehmann," said Reverdy, "that thing was abnormal, reptilian, devilish!"

"Well, if you will force me to admit it," said Frontivard, with his grim smile, "the man did have a horrible face. The Killer, however, was only a tool, a weapon in the hands of the master mind; he is dead, so far so good; but we may expect a Roland for our Oliver."

"But how will the master mind of whom you speak know who slew the Killer?" asked Lehmann.

"How did he know that you, who were to have been the Killer's victim, were in Chicago?" asked Frontivard. "He knows that last night his auto was followed from Highland Park and he will not be slow to associate that circumstance with the Killer's death; it will warn him that he has an antagonist whose blows are secret and deadly. It is quite possible that he already knows that I am that antagonist. We must remember, gentlemen, that we are dealing with a foe whose resources are as great and whose skill is equal to our own."

"A Roland for our Oliver," said Lehmann, "then I am doomed. The Killer was to have picked me off as Ludenberg and Blandfield and Leanderthal were picked off; he was thwarted and slain, a Roland for our Oliver most likely would mean my death, if only to show that, sentence having been passed upon a victim, that victim may by no means escape."

"That is my thought precisely," said Frontivard, "therefore we are going to take every possible precaution for your safety. You will return to my house with me tonight, Mr. Lehmann."

It was a grim quintette that held conference in the little den opposite the dining-room. The detectives were men hardened by lives spent in secret and deadly warfare with the powers of evil; men sometimes as much outside the law, even while they defended the law and society, as the foes whom they combatted; men whose deeds were scarcely less terrible than those of their antagonists; and Matthew Lehmann, his composure now fully recovered, seemed well worthy of such associates. The dangers he had dared, the peril in which he had lived, while endeavoring to arouse a nation, had exercised their hardening influence upon him also. Lehmann was well worthy of his formidable associates.

"Very well," he said, in reply to Frontivard's last remark, "I am entirely at your command, and I shall be very glad to go. When I first learned that those who had so long sought my life were again upon my trail I confess I was unmanned, and the glimpse I got of that thing's face as it hurtled past the window yonder, took the nerve right out of me for a moment; I am better now and ready to play my part, whatever it is to be!"

A quarter of an hour later the five men emerged from the back door of the darkened flat, descended the stairways in the rear of the building with the silence of shadows and like shadows disappeared into the storm that still raged.

As they left the little den Carey had picked up from the table the short barrelled rifle which Frontivard had wrenched from the Killer's hands. "This interesting little toy," he remarked as he slipped it underneath his coat, "is liable to come in handy."

## WE WHO ARE LEFT AT HOME

*We who are left at home,*
*Wives and mothers of men,*
*What shall we do till our dream comes true*
*And our own come home again?*

*We who are left at home—*
*We must work till work is a prayer,*
*With never a task too drab to ask*
*The best of our strength and care.*

*We must color the drab with gold,*
*We must clothe our souls with wings,*
*Nor lose the gleam of the world-old dream—*
*The ultimate beauty of things.*

*We who are left at home*
*Must know neither time nor space;*
*We are one with our own in the battle zone,*
*And theirs is the goal we face.*

*We are one with the heroes of yore*
*Who suffered to make men free;*
*And life and death will seem only a breath*
*If we live for eternity.*

*We who are left at home,*
*Wives and mothers of men—*
*We must walk dry shod, on the heights with God*
*Till we walk with our own again.*

—ELEANORE MYERS JEWETT.

### CHAPTER XVII.

### A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER.

"THIS weapon," said Frontivard, holding the short barrelled rifle in his hands and examining it critically, "is very remarkable. The caliber—note the circumstances, gentlemen—is the same as that of the rifle used by the German army; but the mechanism is quite unique, in fact, entirely unlike that of any weapon I have ever seen, and I believe I have seen almost every lethal weapon known to man in which gunpowder is used. The silencer would turn Hiram Maxim green with envy."

A day had come and gone and another day had dawned bright with the sunshine of precocious spring, soft with the balm of the southern breeze, which whispered of budding flowers, of lilac and crocus, and not of the fate of nations, of secret warfare and murderous intrigue, and Frontivard and Reverdy and Lehmann sat in the upper chamber of the Goethe street house.

"Yes," said Lehmann, "our foes have been apt pupils in all deadly knowledge; so apt that in most things destructive they excel their teachers."

"A curious weapon, truly," said Reverdy, taking the rifle from Frontivard, "but it does not interest me. I long for action—action! Do you know," he went on, "I feel like a man waiting for a blow in the dark; our inaction alarms me, our enemies' seeming inaction alarms me still more. That the blow is coming I feel certain; but where will it fall, when, upon whom?"

"Patience, my friend, patience," said Frontivard. "I am waiting, I can but wait, until some move on the part of our antagonists gives me an opening to strike. Meanwhile, our spies are able to learn nothing, even the Imp draws blank; our enemies are masters of secrecy. By striking at them blindly I should risk the ruin of my plans, and much as I risk by waiting I can but await their lead, trusting that my counter will be heavier than their blow."

"Perhaps the Killer's death has alarmed them," said Lehmann, "and caused them to suspend their activities for the time being."

"Do not think it," replied Frontivard, "it would but spur them to more decisive action. I am only surprised that they have not struck ere this."

"Carey reported that a great many people viewed the Killer's body at the morgue, did he not?" asked Reverdy.

"Yes, but none gave any sign of recognition; which was of course to be expected."

"The police attribute the man's death to accident," said Lehmann, picking up a paper of the previous day and glancing at the display headline.

"Which is very convenient for us, and as wise as the conclusions of the police usually are," said Frontivard.

There was a sound of hurried footsteps on the stairs outside the chamber, the door was flung open and a man literally burst into the room. It was McIvor. His face was flushed, his eyes bloodshot and gleaming.

"Ha!" exclaimed Frontivard, the light of battle, cold and terrible, beginning to flame in his steel blue eyes, "the blow has fallen! What news man? What news? Has Penryhnn Warfield——"

"McDermott is killed, Warfield and Leanderthal's daughter have disappeared."

"How? What?" exclaimed Reverdy and Lehmann, springing to their feet. Lehmann had been fully apprised of the circumstances of Warfield's appeal, and all that had taken place since.

Frontivard was cool. "Tell me briefly everything just as it happened," he said.

"As you know, we have been watching Hermann Leanderthal's place, 'The Birches,' Van Dorn, Lindsay, Preston and I. Last evening Warfield and the young lady insisted upon going for a walk. McDermott protested—warned them of danger, but they would not listen to him. They would just stroll along the bluff above the lake, they said, for half a mile or so, and return immediately. They were sure there was no danger; it was broad daylight, there could be no danger. In vain McDermott reminded them of Hermann Leanderthal's murder in broad daylight, they would not listen to him. Warfield would have done so, I believe, but the young lady was headstrong and he is terribly in love. And so she had her way. McDermott accompanied them—insisted upon doing so. I would have gone also, but Miss Leanderthal became indignant—said she did not want a crowd and so—well—I stayed behind.

"An hour passed and they did not return, and we became alarmed. Preston and I started in search of them. We went two miles along the bluffs in the direction in which they had gone. There was no sign of them. Night fell. We searched all night. An hour after dawn we found McDermott. He was lying in a clump of bushes, not three hundred yards from the house. His head had been crushed with some blunt instrument. There was no trace of a struggle. Mac's pistol had not even been drawn—but there were tracks—the tracks of all three of them and of four others—four other men. Except the tracks there was no sign of Warfield and the young lady.

"We placed Mac's body where it would not be found until we would be able to remove it tonight, and came away; and I hurried here."

"The other three withdrew from the watch they had been keeping around the house, did they?" asked Frontivard.

"Yes; we had failed, and it was useless to stay. The other three came down to Wilmette with me and are awaiting orders there."

Reverdy swore a fearful oath. "What now?" he asked. "Our counter will have to be heavy indeed to counterbalance the check we have received."

"I am going to 'Gruenewald,'" said Frontivard. "Reverdy, you will come with me. Carey you will go to the house in Ingleside avenue where the Prince Von Schlachtberg hides. Watch it. You will order one of our machines to wait at any spot you may direct, ready to follow in case he abandons his position there; which may well happen, if he has not already done so. If you need men, call McIvor, who will remain here. McIvor, you will recall Lindsay, Van Dorn and Preston, from Wilmette, and hold them here subject to Carey's orders. Lehmann, if you wish you may come with Reverdy and me."

"I will come gladly," said Lehmann. "By Heaven, sir, I begin to hold my own life of little account if by losing it I may aid in bringing these miscreants to their doom."

**The death of the Killer, the vanishing of the leopard, and the protection of Lehmann by Frontivard frightens the spies. They abandon their house, kidnap the inventor of the destroying rays, his daughter, her sweetheart, and then vanish. Frontivard traps Attila, but he escapes. When young Warfield next opens his eyes he is at liberty in the gardens of a magnificent palace. Where is he? How did he get there? Read the next installment.**

* * *

### Needed It Most.

THE season was dry—very dry. Everything was burnt and baked and scorched. But one day there was a shower, and one of Farmer Seedpot's men came in quite wet.

"Why can't you get in out of the rain?" asked the farmer gruffly.

"Oh, that's all right!" said the laborer. "A little sprinkle like that doesn't hurt me. I can work right along just the same."

"That isn't the point," said the farmer. "Next time it rains, you get inside. I want that water on the land."

* * *

### Easily Overlooked.

"ALAS!" said the drummer at the dinner table, "kindly look closely and you will observe four flies swimming about in my coffee."

"Too true," replied the gentle waitress of Huckabuck tavern. "It is indeed unfortunate, sir, but if you will let the cup set, or sit, as the case may be, for a few minutes the insects will drown and then sink to the bottom, and you will soon forget all about them. Howlyehaveyeregge?"—Judge.

*Conclusion of a Thrilling Serial*

# Into the Primitive

## By Robert Ames Bennet

### You Can Go On After Reading This

A CYCLONE and a shipwreck off the Mozambique coast of Africa throw two men and one woman on their own resources. Winthrope, an American, is in a state of intoxication when the waves toss him onto the barren shore. His two companions, one an Englishman of supposedly high rank, the other, a wealthy American girl, despise him while they recognize that they are utterly dependent on him to continue living. For this reason they obey his commands, and set out to follow him inland to seek shelter for the night. Blake finds lodging for them for the night in a tall tree, and luckily they come upon food. The following morning they set out to find a permanent dwelling. The search is long and arduous, and at the end of the day they are again forced to take temporary shelter for the night and resume their hunt on the morrow. A magnifying-glass found in Blake's coat pocket, produces fire. Then Blake and Winthrope proceed to smoke a family of leopards out of their den, and obtain meat to eat. The next morning they climb the cliffs and get birds' eggs. Miss Leslie makes up her mind to help and gets along famously. The castaways are fairly comfortable. Winthrope resents Blake's orders, and Miss Leslie hears them arguing over her. She is seized with fear of Blake. Winthrope is taken down with fever, and she nurses him. During this period she encounters jackals and Blake returns to camp after an attack of poisoning. When Winthrope gets well again, Blake makes up his mind that they are all going for a long hike. Miss Leslie finds herself admiring him, in spite of herself. She wonders whether she has judged him rightly, and her mind is a seething torrent of bewilderment. The strife between Winthrope and Blake grows keener. However, incidents on their trip away from their home convince Miss Leslie that it is Winthrope and not Blake who is the cad. Blake seeks to protect her and the girl respects him. Her suspicions about Winthrope are confirmed when he burst into her cave and she sees in his face the expression of a beast.

The above will enable you to go on with this story, begun in No. 22, the Ledger, June 1. Back copies containing earlier chapters can be obtained thru this office or from our agents and newsdealers.

"No, I Won't, Jenny. I've Got You to Think Of."

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CHAPTER XX.

THE HURRICANE BLAST.

FOR a moment that seemed a moment of eternity, she lay on her bed, staring into the blank darkness. The storm burst with a crashing uproar that brought her to her feet with a shriek. Her giant tree creaked and strained under the impact of the terrific hurricane blasts that came howling thru the cleft like a rout of shrieking fiends. The peals of thunder merged into one continuous roar, beneath which the solid ledges of rock jarred and quivered. The sky was a pall of black clouds, meshed with a dazzling network of forked lightning.

The girl stood motionless, stunned by the uproar, appalled by the blinding glare of the thunderbolts; yet even more fearful of the figure which every flash showed her still lurking beneath the door. A gust-borne bough struck with numbing force against her upraised arm. But she took no heed. She was unaware of the swirl of rain and sticks and leaves that was driving in thru the open entrance.

On a sudden the door shook free from its props and whirled violently around on its balance-bar. There was a shriek that pierced above the shrilling of the cyclone—a single human shriek.

The girl sprang across the cave. The heavy door swished up before her and down again, its lower edge all but grazing her face. For a moment it stopped in a vertical position and hung quivering, like a beast about to leap upon its prey. Too excited to comprehend the danger of the act, the girl sprang forward and shot one of the thick bars into its socket.

A fierce gust leaped against the outer face of the door and thrust in upon it, striving to burst it bodily from its bearings. The top and the free side of the bottom bowed in. But the branches were still green and tough, the bamboo like whalebone, and the shrunken creepers held the frame together as tho the joints were lashed with wire rope. Failing to smash in the elastic structure, or to snap the cross-bar, it were as if the blast flung itself alternately against the top and bottom in a fierce attempt to again whirl the frame about. The white glare streaming in thru the interstices showed the girl her opportunity. She grasped another bar and shot it into its socket as the lower part of the door gave back with the shifting of the pressure to the top. It was then a simple matter to slide the remaining bars into the deep-sunk holes. Within half a minute she had made the door fast, from the first bar to the sixth.

A heavy spray was beating in upon her thru the chinks of the framework. She drew back and sought shelter in a niche at the side. Narrow as was the slit above the top of the door, it let in a torrent of water, which spouted clear across and against the far wall of the cave. It gushed down upon her bed and was already flooding the cave floor.

She piled higher and higher the cocoanuts stored in her niche, and perched herself upon the heap to keep above the water. But even in her sheltered corner the dying wind showered her with spray. She waded across for her skin-covered sunshade and returned to huddle beneath it, in the still misery and terror of a hunted animal that has crept wounded into a hole.

During the first hurricane there had been companions to whom she could look for help and comfort, and she had been to a degree unaware of the greatness of the danger. But in the few short weeks since she had caught more than one glimpse of primeval nature—she of the bloody fang, blind, remorseless, insensate, destroying, ever destroying.

'true, this was on solid land, while before there had been the peril of the sea. Outside the straining walls of her refuge the hurricane yelled and shrieked and roared—a headless, formless monster, furious to burst in upon her, to overthrow her stanch old tree giant, that in his fall his shattered trunk might crush and mangle her. Or at any instant a thunderbolt might rend open the great tower of living wood and hurl her blackened body into the pool on the cave floor.

Once she fancied that she heard Blake shouting outside the door; but when she screamed a shrill response the blast mocked her with echoing shrieks, and she dared not venture to free the door. If it were Blake, he did not shout again. After a time she began to think that the sound had been no more than a freak of the shifting wind. Yet the thought of him out in the full fury of the cyclone served to turn her thoughts from her own danger. She prayed aloud for his safety, beseeching her God that he be spared. She sought to pray even for Winthrope. But the vision of that beastly face rose up before her, and she could not—then.

Presently she became aware of a change in the storm. The terrific gusts blew with yet greater violence, the thunder crashed heavier, the lightning filled the air with a flame of dazzling white light. But the rain no longer gushed across on the spot where her bed had been. It was entering at a different angle, and its force was broken by the bend in the thick wall of the entrance. After a time the deluge dashed aslant the entrance, gushing down the door in a cataract of foam.

Another interval and the driving downpour no longer struck even the edge of the opening. The wind was veering rapidly as the cyclone center moved past on one side. The area of the hurricane was little more than thrice that of a tornado, and it was advancing along its course at great speed. An hour more and the outermost rim of the huge whirl was passing over the cleft.

Quickly the hurricane gusts fell away to a gale; the gale became a breeze; the breeze lulled and died away, stifled by the torrential rain.

Within the baobab all was again dark and silent. Utterly exhausted, the girl had sunk back against the friendly wall of the tree and fallen asleep.

She was wakened by a hoarse call: "Miss Jenny! Miss Jenny, answer me! Are you all right?"

She started up, barely saving herself from a fall as the big unhusked nuts rolled beneath her feet. The morning sunlight was streaming in over her door. She sprang down ankle-deep into the mire of the cave floor and ran to loosen the bars. As the door swung up she darted out, with a cry of delight: "You are safe—safe! Oh, I was so afraid for you! But you're drenched! You must build a fire—dry yourself—at once!"

"Wait," said Blake. "I've got to tell you something."

He caught her outstretched hands and pushed them down with gentle force. His face was grave, almost solemn.

"Think you can stand bad news—a shock?"

"I—— What is it? You look so strange!"

"It's about Winthrope — something very bad——"

She turned, with a gasp, and hid her face in her hands, shuddering with horror and loathing.

"Oh! oh!" she cried, "I know already—I know all!"

"All?" demanded Blake, staring blankly.

"Yes, all! And—and he made me think it was you!" She gasped and fell silent.

Blake's face went white. He spoke in a clear, vibrant voice, tense as an overstrained violin string: "I am speaking about Winthrope — understand me? — Winthrope. He has been badly hurt."

"The door swung down and struck him, when he was creeping in."

"God!" roared Blake. "I locked him up like a sick baby—the beast!—'stead of grinding my heel in his face! God! I'll——"

"Tom! don't—don't even speak it! Tom!"

"God! When a helpless girl—when a——!" He choked, beside himself with rage.

She sprang to him and caught his sleeve in a convulsive grasp. "Hush, for mercy's sake! Tom Blake, remember—you're a man!"

He calmed like a ferocious dog at the voice of its master; but it was several minutes before he could bring himself to obey her insistent urging that he should return to the injured man.

"I'll go," he at last growled. "Wouldn't do it even for you, but he's good as dead—lucky for him!"

"Dead!"

"Dying. . . . You stay away."

He went around the baobab and a few paces along the cleft to the place where a limp form lay huddled on the ledges, out of the mud. Slowly, as tho drawn by the fascination of horror, the girl crept after him. When she saw the broken, storm-beaten thing that had been Winthrope she stopped, and would have turned back. After all, as Blake had said, he was dying——

When she stood at the feet of the writhing figure, and looked down into the battered face, it required all her will power to keep from fainting. Blake frowned up at her for an instant, but said nothing.

Winthrope was speaking, feebly and brokenly, yet distinctly: "Really, I did not mean any harm—at first—you know. But a man does not always have control——"

"Not a beast like you!" growled Blake.

"Oow! Don't 'it me! I say now, I'm done for! My legs are cold already——"

"Oh, quick, Mr. Blake! Build a fire! It may be some hot broth——"

"Too late," muttered Blake. "See here, Winthrope, there's no use lying about it. You're going out mighty soon. See if you can't die like a man."

"Die! . . . Gawd, but I can't die—I can't die—— Ow! it burns!"

He flung up a hand and sought to tear at his wounds.

"Hold hard!" cried Blake, catching the hand in an iron grip.

Something in his touch, or the tone of command, seemed to cower the wretched man into a state of abject submission.

"S'elp me, I'll confess!—I'll confess all!" he babbled. "The stones are sewed in the stomach pad; I 'ad to take 'em hout of their settings and melt up the gold." He paused and a cunning smile stole over his distorted features. "Ho, wot a bloomin' lark! Valet plays the gent, an' they never 'as a hinkling! Mr. Cecil Winthrope, hif you please, an' a 'int of a title—wot a lark! 'Awkings, me lad, you're a gay 'oaxer! Wot a lark! wot a lark!"

Again there was a pause. The breath of the wounded man came in labored gasps. There was an ominous rattling in his throat. Yet once again he rallied, and this time his eyes turned to Miss Leslie, bright with an agonized consciousness of her presence and of all his guilt and shame.

His voice shrilled out in quivering appeal: "Don't—don't look at me, miss! I tried to make myself a gentleman; God knows I tried! I fought my way up out of the East End—out of that hell—and none ever lifted finger to help me. I educated myself like a scholar—then the stock sharks cheated me of my savings—out of the last penny; and I had to take service. My God! a valet—his grace's valet, and I

a scholar! Do you wonder the devil got into me? Do you——"

Blake's deep voice, firm but strangely husky, broke in upon and silenced the cry of agony: "There, I guess you've said enough."

"Enough!—and last night—My God! to be such a beast! The devil tempted me—aye, and he's paid me out in my own coin! I'm done for! God ha' mercy on me!—God ha' mercy——"

Again came the gasping rattle; this time there was no rally.

Blake thrust himself between Miss Leslie and the crumpled figure.

"Get back around the tree," he said harshly.

"What are you going to do?"

"That's my business," he replied. He thrust his burning-glass into her hand. "Here; go and build a fire, if you can find any dry stuff."

"You're not going to—— You'll bury him?"

"Yes. Whatever he may have been, he's dead now, poor devil!"

"I can't go," she half whispered, "not until—until I've learned—— Do you—can you tell me just what is paranoia?"

Blake studied a little, and tapped the top of his head.

"Near as I can say, it's softening of the brain—up there."

"Do you think that—" she hesitated—"that he had it?"

Again Blake paused to consider.

"Well, I'm no alienist. I thought him a softy from the first. But that was all in line with what he was playing on us—British dude. Fooled me, and I'd been chumming with Jimmy Scarbridge—and Jimmy was the straight goods, fresh imported—monocle even—when I first ran up against him. No; this—this Hawkins, if that's his name, had brains all right. Still, he may have been cracked. When folks go dotty, they sometimes get extra 'cute. The best I can think of him is that losing his savings may have made him slip a cog, and then the scare over the way we landed here and his spells of fever probably hurried up the softening."

"Then you believe his story?"

"Yes, I do. But if you'll go, please."

"One thing more—I must know now! Do you remember the day when you set up the signal, and you—you quarrelled with him?"

Blake reddened, and dropped his gaze. "Did he go and tell you that? The sneak!"

"If you please, let us say nothing more about him. But would you care to tell me what you meant—what you said then?"

Blake's flush deepened; but he raised his head, and faced her squarely as he answered: "No; I'm not going to repeat any dead man's talk; and as for what I said, this isn't the time or the place to say anything in that line—now that we're alone. Understand?"

"I'm afraid I do not, Mr. Blake. Please explain."

"Don't ask me, Miss Jenny. I can't tell you now. You'll have to wait till we get aboard ship. We'll catch a steamer before long. 'Tisn't every one of them that goes ashore in these blows."

"Why did you build that door? Did you suspect——" She glanced down at the huddled figure between them.

Blake frowned and hesitated; then burst out almost angrily: "Well, you know now he was a sneak; so it's not blabbing to tell that much—I knew he was before; and it's never safe to trust a sneak."

"Thank you!" she said, and she turned away that she might not again look at the prostrate figure.

## CHAPTER XXI.

### WRECKAGE AND SALVAGE.

ALL the wood in the cleft was sodden from the fierce downpour that had accompanied the cyclone; all the cleft bottom other than the bare ledges was a bed of mud; everything without the tree-cave had been either blown away or heaped with broken boughs and mud-spattered rubbish. But the girl had far too much to think about to feel any concern over the mere damage and destruction of things. It was rather a relief to find something that called for work.

Not being able to find dry fuel, she gathered a quantity of the least sodden of the twigs and branches and spread them out on a ledge in the clear sunshine. While her firewood was drying she scraped away the mud and litter heaped upon her rude hearth. She then began to search for lost articles. When she dug out the pottery ware she found her favorite stew-pot and one of the platters in fragments. The drying-frames for the meat had been blown away, and so had the antelope and hyena skins.

Catching sight of a bit of white down among the bamboos, she went to it and was not a little surprised to see the tattered remnant of her duck skirt. It had evidently been torn from the signal staff by the first gust of the cyclone, whirled down into the cleft by some flaw or eddy in the wind, and wadded so tightly into the heart of the thick clump of stems that all the fury of the storm had failed to dislodge it. Its recovery seemed to the girl a special providence; for of course they must keep up a signal on the cliff.

Having started her fire and set on a stew, she hunted out her sewing materials from their crevice in the cave and began mending the slits in the torn flag. While Blake worked she sat on a shaded ledge, her bare feet toasting in the sun, and her soggy, mud-smeared moccasins drying within reach. When Blake appeared the moccasins were still where she had first set them; but the little pink feet were safely tucked up beneath the tattered flag. Fortunately, the sight of the white cloth prevented Blake from noticing the moccasins.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's that?—the flag? Say, that's luck! I'll break out a bamboo right off. Old staff's carried clean away."

"Mr. Blake—just a moment, please. What have you done with—with it?"

Blake jerked his thumb upward.

"You have carried him up on the cliff?"

"Best place I could think of. No animals—and I piled stones over. . . . But, I say, look here."

He drew out a piece of wadded cloth, marked off into little squares by crossing lines of stitches. One of the squares near the edge had been ripped open. Blake thrust in his finger and worked out an emerald the size of a large pea.

"O-h-h!" cried Miss Leslie, as he held the glittering gem out to her in his rough palm.

He drew it back and carefully thrust it again into its pocket.

"That's one," he said. "There's another in every square of this innocent, harmless rag—dozens of them. He must have made a clean sweep of the duke's—or, more like, the duchess' jewels. Now, if you please, I want you to sew this up tight again, and——"

"I cannot—I cannot touch it!" she cried.

"Say, I didn't mean to—— It was confounded stupid of me," mumbled Blake. "Won't you excuse me?"

"Of course! It was only the—the thought that——"

"No wonder. I always am a fool when it comes to ladies. I'll fix the thing all right."

Catching up the nearest small pot, he crammed the quilted cloth down within it and filled it to the brim with sticky mud.

"There! Guess nobody's going to run off with a jug of mud—and it won't hurt the stones till we get a chance to look up the owner. He won't be hard to find—English duke minus a pint of first-class sparklers! Will you mind its setting in the cave after things are fixed up?"

"No; not as it is."

He nodded soberly. "All right, then. Now I'll go for the new flag-staff. You might set out breakfast."

She nodded in turn, and when he came back from the bamboos with the largest of the great canes on his shoulder his breakfast was waiting for him. She set it before him and turned to go again to her sewing.

"Hold on," he said. "This won't do. You've got to eat your share."

"I do not—I am not hungry."

"That's no matter. Here!"

He forced upon her a bowl of hot broth, and she drank it because she could not resist his rough kindness.

"Good! Now a piece of meat," he said.

"Please, Mr. Blake!" she protested.

"Yes, you must!"

She took a bite and sought to eat; but there was such a lump in her throat that she could not swallow. The tears gushed into her eyes and she began to weep.

Blake's close-set lips relaxed and he nodded.

"That's it; let it run out. You're overwrought. There's nothing like a good cry to ease off a woman's nerves—and I guess ladies aren't much different from women when it comes to such things."

"But I—I want to get the flag mended!" she sobbed.

"All right; all right; plenty of time," he soothed. "I'm going to see how things look down the cleft."

He bolted the last of his meat and at once left her alone to cry herself back to calmness over the stitching of the signal.

His first concern was for the barricade. As he had feared, he found that it had been blown to pieces. The greater part of the thorn branches which he had gathered with so much labor were scattered to the four corners of the earth. He stood staring at the wreckage in glum silence; but he did not swear, as he would have done the week before. Presently his face cleared and he began to whistle in a plaintive minor key. He was thinking of how she had looked when she darted out of the tree at his call—of her concern for him. When he was so angered at Winthrope, she had called him Tom!

After a time he started on, picking his way over the remnant of the barricade, without a falter in his whistling. The deluge of rain had poured down the cleft in a torrent, tearing away the root-matted soil and laying bare the ledges in the channel of the spring rill. But aside from an occasional boggy hole, the water had drained away.

At the foot, about the swollen pool, was a wide stretch of rubbish and mud. He worked his way around the edge and came out on the plain, where the sandy soil was all the firmer for its drenching. He swung away at a lively clip. The air was fresh and pure after the storm and a slight breeze tempered the sun rays.

He kept on along the cliff until he turned the point. It was not altogether advisable to bathe at this time of day, but he had been caught out by the cyclone in a corner of the swamp, across the river, where the soil was of clay. Only his anxiety for Miss Leslie had enabled him to fight his way out of the all but impassable morass which the storm deluge had made of the half-dry swamp. At dawn he had reached the river and swam across, reckless of the crocodiles. The turbid water of the stream had rid him of only part of his accumulated slime and ooze. So now he washed out his tattered garments as well as he could without soap, and while they were drying on the sun-scorched rocks, swam about in the clear, tonic sea-water, quite as reckless of the sharks as he had been of the ugly crocodiles in the river.

For all this, he was back at the baobab before Miss Leslie had stitched up the last slit in the torn flag.

She looked up at him with a brave attempt at a smile.

"I am afraid I am not much of a needle-woman," she sighed. "Look at those stitches!"

"Don't fret. They'll hold all right, and that's what we want," he reassured her. "Give it me, now. I've got to get it up and hurry back for a nap. No sleep last night—I was out beyond the river in the swamp—and tonight I'll have to go on watch. The barricade is down."

"Oh, that is too bad! Couldn't I take a turn on watch?"

Blake shook his head. "No; I'll sleep today and work rebuilding the barricade tonight. Toward morning I might build up the fire and take a nap."

He caught up the flag and its new staff and swung away thru the cleft.

He returned much sooner than Miss Leslie expected and at once began to throw up a small lean-to of bamboo over a ledge at the cliff foot behind the baobab. The girl thought he was making himself a hut in place of the canopy under which he had slept before the storm, which, like Winthrope's, had been carried away. But when he stopped work he laconically informed her that all she had to do to complete her new house was to dry some leaves.

"But I thought it was for yourself!" she protested. "I will sleep inside the tree."

"Doc Blake says no!" he rejoined—not till it's dried out."

She glanced at his face and replied, without a moment's hesitancy: "Very well. I will do what you think best."

"That's good," he said, and went at once to lie down for his much-needed sleep.

He awoke just soon enough before dark to see the results of her hard day's labor. All the provisions stored in the tree had been brought out to dry, and a great stack of fuel, ready for burning, was piled up against the baobab; while all about the tree the rubbish had been neatly gathered together in heaps. Blake looked his admiration for her industry. But then his forehead wrinkled.

"You oughtn't to've done so much," he admonished.

"I'll show you I can tote fair!" she rejoined. During the afternoon she had called to mind that odd expression of a Southern girl chum, and had been waiting her opportunity to banter him with it.

He stared at her open-eyed, and laughed.

"Say, Miss Jenny, you'd better look out. You'll be speaking American, first thing!"

Thereupon they fell to chattering like children out of school, each happy to be able to forget for the moment that broken figure on the cliff top and the haunting fear of what another day might bring to them.

When they had eaten their meal, both with keen appetites, Blake sprang up with a curt "Good night!" and swung off down the cleft. The girl looked after him, with a lingering smile.

"I wish he hadn't rushed off so suddenly," she murmured. "I was just going to thank him for—for everything!"

The color swept over her face in a deep blush, and she darted around to her tiny hut as tho some one might have overheard her whisper.

Yet, after all, she had said nothing or, at least, she had merely said "everything."

## CHAPTER XXII.

### UNDERSTANDING AND MISUNDERSTANDING.

IN THE morning she found Blake scraping energetically at the inner surfaces of a pair of raw hyena skins.

"So you've killed more game!" she exclaimed.

"Game? No; hyenas. I hated to waste good poison on the brutes; but nothing else showed up, and I need a new pair of pa— er— trousers."

"Was it not dangerous—great beasts like these?"

"Not even enough to make it interesting. I'd have had some fun, tho, with that confounded lion when the moon came up, if he hadn't sneaked off into the grass."

"A lion?"

"Yes. Didn't you hear him? The skulking brute prowled around for hours before moon rose, when it was pitch dark. It was mighty lonesome, with him yowling down by the pool. Half a chance, and I'd given him something to yowl about. But it wasn't any use firing off my arrows in the dark, and, as I said, he sneaked off before——"

"Tom—Mr. Blake!—you must not risk your life!"

"Don't worry about me. I've learned how to look out for Tom Blake. And you can just bank on it I'm going to look out for Miss Jenny Leslie, too! . . . But say, after breakfast, suppose we take a run out on the cliffs for eggs?"

"I do not wish any today, thank you."

He waited a little, studying her downbent face.

"Well," he muttered; "you don't have to come. I know I oughtn't to take a moment's time. I did quite a bit last night; but if you think——"

She glanced up, puzzled. His meaning flashed upon her, and she rose.

"Oh, not that! I will come," she answered, and hastened to prepare the morning meal.

When they came to the tree-ladder she found that the heap of stones built

(Continued on Page 18.)

# May We Keep the Cow?

WAR conditions have given rise to advances in the price of nearly everything, in which part and sometimes a large part of the burden of increased costs of production has been passed on to the public. The publishing business has done less of this "passing on" than any other, despite the fact that it is undergoing greater hardships than any other industry in the country.

While the daily and Sunday newspapers have been able to double their subscription rates and raise their advertising rates without adding to the size or quality of their papers, and some of the magazines are endeavoring to meet the situation in the same way, the publishing business generally is facing steadily growing losses. More than twelve hundred publications were killed during the last year by the enormous increases in expenses. Hundreds are dying now and the next month will see more go out of business than in the last year. The price of paper, which doubled during the last few years due to a combination effected by manufacturers controlling the market, continues to increase. All other materials have gone up 100 to 500 per cent and the cost of labor, already high, is constantly advancing. On top of all this comes the increase in postal rates now in effect. This is a part of the Government's war tax act, which not only increases the rate per pound on reading matter, as second class mail, but also puts a zone charge on the advertising portion of publications, a graduated scale of postage based on weight and distance carried. The publications most affected by this are those of national circulation. In the case of The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger, which go to all parts of the country, the increase in postage which began July 1 will go as high as 325 per cent, and as the zone rates are to be advanced each year, we are facing an increase of 1,000 per cent in these rates by 1921.

However, our readers will not be asked to bear this war burden. The Saturday Blade and Chicago Ledger will stay at the same price altho the new postal rates are in effect. By exercising every possible economy we shall try to hold our losses to the minimum while keeping these papers up to the standard desired by our big family of loyal readers. There has never been a time when our papers could be of such service as now, with their nationwide circulation and their facilities for obtaining and supplying information. It is not only a feeling of pride but of duty which supports me in my determination to keep on the best I can until better days come, and to quote the best war saying I have heard: "You can have all the milk, Uncle Sam; just let me keep the cow!"—Reprinted from "W. D. Boyce's Talks" in The Saturday Blade.

**Nervy Diez.**

A pawnbroker in a small country town was awakened in the middle of the night by a furious knocking at his shop door. He opened his window and looked out.

"Wh-wh-what's the matter?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Come down," demanded the stranger.

"Who are——"

"Come down!" interrupted the other.

The pawnbroker hastened downstairs and peeped round the door. "Now, sir," he demanded.

"I wan'sh to know the time!" said the bibulous one.

"You blinking idiot! Do you mean to say you woke me up for that? How dare you!"

The midnight visitor looked injured.

"Well, I ain't got my watch," he explained.

**Experience Teaches.**

The Ohioan went to France to fight. For three months he was kept behind the front lines so far behind the front he couldn't hear the guns. And nearly every day it rained. And rained.

Along came a British regiment, newly arrived from England.

"Are we downhearted?" they were shouting, and then in chorus answered, "No!"

"All right! All right!" said the volunteer from Ohio. "Stick around here a while and you durn soon will be!"

**Limited.**

Old Crusty—"You ask for my daughter? Why, young man, at your present salary you could not even dress her."

Suitor—"Oh, yes, sir; I could keep her in gloves."

Old Crusty—"Gloves! What do you mean by that?"

Suitor—"Pardon me, sir, I only asked for her hand."

**Might Weaken the Firm.**

Two brothers once ran a store in a small Western town, where they had quite a large trade in wool on barter. One of the brothers became converted at a revival and urged the other to follow in his footsteps.

"I know, Bill," admitted Jake, thoughtfully, "an' I would like to join, but I don't see how I can."

"Why not?" persisted the first. "What is to prevent you?"

"Well, it's jes' this way, Bill," declared Jake. "There has got to be somebody in the firm to weigh this here wool."

**It Depends.**

A couple of tourists driving in the picturesque hills of Santa Barbara, decided to take a short cut to the ocean front, but were not quite sure of the road. The only human visible being a ragged lad sunning himself in the dust at the side of the road, the driver addressed him.

"Say, boy, how do you reach the ocean from here?" Whereupon the boy, without batting an eyelash, gravely responded: "Well, which ocean do you want to go to?"

**No Danger.**

Irving Berlin, now in the National Army, reports a vaudeville actor volunteered to take part in an entertainment in France for soldiers from America.

First, tho, he wanted to know if he couldn't carry a pistol, "as protection from the enemy."

"Don't worry," said the officer in charge of the show. "The enemy isn't going to see your act."

**No Hope.**

"You are not foolish enough, are you, to think you can drown your sorrows in drink?"

"Of course not. My wife can swim."

Country Editor—"Fined poem, all right, but 'twon't pay me to buy it, as Matilda Briggs, our only subscriber who reads poetry, left town last week."

**Proper Way.**

Lieutenant—"Please, sir, the enemy are as thick as peas. What shall I do?"

Commanding Officer—"Shell 'em, you idiot; shell 'em!"

Irate Landlady—"You don't leave my house until you pay this bill."

Broke Boarder—"Hurrah, I've found a permanent home at last."

**Murphy Preferred Coasting.**

An officer on board a warship was drilling his men.

"I want every man to lie on his back, put his legs in the air, and move them as if he were riding a bicycle," he explained. "Now commence."

After a short effort, one of the men stopped.

"Why have you stopped, Murphy?" asked the officer.

"If ye plaze, sir," was the answer, "Oi'm coasting."

**A Fifty-fifty Irishman.**

In his book, "From Gallipoli to Bagdad," "Padre" William Ewing tells the story of a burly Irishman brought into the field hospital from many wounds.

"What are you?" asked the doctor.

"Sure, I'm half an Irishman."

"And what's the other half?"

"Holes and bandages."

**Mean Thing.**

She—"What is the correct translation of the motto of the lovely ring you gave me?"

He—"Faithful to the last."

She—"The last! How horrid! And you've always told me before that I was the very first!"

**These Modern Days.**

"The Cavaliers used to drink a toast to some court beauty and then smash the glass so that it could never be used again."

"We get the same results with the sanitary paper cup."

**Poor Scenery.**

First Cop—"I'm an awfully unlucky guy."

Second Cop—"How's that?"

First Cop—"I raided a Turkish bath last night and it was gentlemen's night."

**Some Speed.**

"He's the fastest prof in college."

"I don't think so. He admitted that he'd never pass me."

**Information Wanted.**

Mother was out and Sister Sue was putting on her best blouse, so 6-year-old Bobby had to entertain Sue's young man. As is the way with his kind, he began to pry the unfortunate caller with questions.

"Mr. Brown," he began, "what is a popinjay?"

"Why—er—a popinjay is a—eh—vain bird."

"Are you a bird, Mr. Brown?"

"No, of course not."

"Well, that's funny. Mother said you were a popinjay and father said there was no doubt about your being a jay, and Sue said there didn't seem much chance of your poppin', and now you say you aren't a bird at all."

**Couldn't Fool Him.**

Little Harry (after eating his measure ration of bread and margarine)—"Must I say grace, mamma?"

Mamma—"Of course, darling."

Little Harry—"Well, you said God could read our thoughts, and if I say I'm thankful He'll know jolly well what a 'bominable little liar I am!"

**Rather a Job.**

Little Jessie, from the city, watched the farmer's wife plucking the duck for the morrow's dinner. Little Jessie was interested in farm life.

"Please," she asked, "do you take off their clothes every night?"

**Obviously.**

"Roosevelt was certainly the most bellicose President we ever had," said the Lassoed.

"Bellicose?" echoed his wife, dreamily. "Aren't you confusing him with Taft?"

**Henpecked.**

"The man who gives in when he is wrong" said the street orator, "is a wise man, but he who gives in when he is right is——"

"A married man," said a meek voice in the crowd.

**Immortality.**

"Do you think this poem of mine will live?"

"It ought to, for it's the good turned to one of his attendants and said that die young." "Give this man three pigs' feet."

**Souvenir.**

Private Jenkins, home from France, was seated in the village inn one evening surrounded by a group of admirers.

"I suppose," said old Farmer Wurzel, "ye had some narrow escapes out yonder."

"Well," answered the Tommy, "nothing to speak of much, but I remember one night I felt like a drink, so I goes down to the estaminet. I'd just got me 'and on the doorknob when just then old Fritz sent one of 'is big ones over right on the house, and, believe me, it knocked the 'ole blooming show down, and left me standing there, silly like, with the knob of the door in me 'and."

**His Preference.**

A countryman was one day working for an old lady. At tea time the man came for his tea; there was butter and jam set before him. He took some jam and no butter. The lady noticed this and said some people like jam better than butter, and others like butter better than jam.

"Begorra, mam, I like better butter," said the countryman.

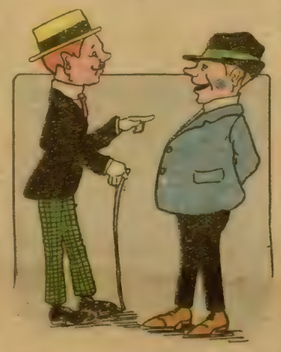
**Measured It.**

An Englishman entered a provision shop in Dublin and, wishing to have a joke at the Irishman's expense, asked for one yard of bacon. Paddy promptly turned to one of his attendants and said: "It might be good for making bootlaces, but I'll be damned if it's bacon."

**Only on Its Way.**

He—"Don't you think my mustache becoming?"

She—"It may be, but it hasn't come yet."



"How is Jones succeeding with his reform work?"

"Fine; he has every one in the neighborhood uncomfortable over their pleasures."

**Wrong Ticket.**

After two months at Rockford Private Nelson got his leave at last, and made what he conceived to be the best use of his holiday by getting married.

On the journey back to the station he gave the gateman his marriage certificate in mistake for his return railway ticket.

The official studied it carefully, and then said:

"Yes, my boy, you've got a ticket for a long, wearisome journey, but not on this road."

**What Did She Mean?**

The squire walked down the village street, leading a donkey harnessed to a wheel chair, and stopped before a cottage where sat a very old woman.

"Good morning," he said. "A merry Christmas to you. I know you like to get about the village a bit, mother, so I'm giving you this donkey."

The old woman gasped.

"Bless you, sir," she said, gazing at the animal, "it's just like you!"

**A Fair Test.**

"Have you three orchestra seats in the fifth row, center, for tonight?" asked the young man at the theater box office.

"Yes, sir," promptly returned the ticket seller.

"Well—I guess I don't want them," returned the other. "The show can't be any good."

**Curbed Them.**

"You have had insane impulses?"

"Of course," replied the comical bachelor.

"Do you recall one?"

"Several. But each time, just as I was about to say 'Will you marry me?' my courage returned."

**Eager to.**

"That is a scandalous story Mrs. Gossip is telling about Alaska."

"But you can't believe anything that woman tells you."

"I can if I want to."

**Long Wait.**

A large dredging machine with its continuous chain of buckets was at work at the Liverpool landing stage, clearing a space in the River Mersey to allow the great Atlantic liners to come alongside for landing of cargo and passengers. A countryman tripper was watching the numerous buckets and machinery with wide open eyes. His family repeatedly urged him to "Come," but he might have been alone for what little notice he took of them. His wife took his arm and said, "Come, Alf, we'll miss it then." "Na," said Alf. "Am goin' to see the last bucket up!"

**Trained Performer.**

Miss Katherine Fairbank, automobile driver and trained nurse, made a professional call in nursing costume at a home where there was a small boy who recently received a circus.

"Are you a trained nurse?" the youngster asked.

"Yes," replied the nurse sweetly.

"Say," suggested the youngster eagerly, "will you jump thru a hoop for me?"

**The Cause of It.**

Ralph Hayes, who was in the party which accompanied Secretary Baker to France, tells this one:

American soldiers were cheering as the party approached. Some one asked, "Are they cheering General Pershing?"

"No," said the soldier addressed. "They are cheering the ration part coming up with the chow."

**Duration of His Stay.**

Lawyer—"Have you ever been in jail?"

Witness—"Yes, sir, once."

Lawyer (triumphantly)—"Ah! For how long?"

Witness—"Long enough to whitewash a cell which was to be occupied by a lawyer who cheated one of his clients."

**His Own Remedy.**

"I understand Binks is very much run down."

"Well, he ought to be able to build himself up; he's an architect."

**Puzzle It Out.**

A Scotchman was riding a donkey one day across a green pasture, but when the animal came to a deep ditch he would not go over. So the man rode back a short distance, turned and applied the whip, thinking, of course, that the donkey, once going at the top of his speed, would jump the drain. But not so. When the donkey got to the drain he stopped short, and the man went over his head. He might have been alone for what little notice he took of them. His wife took his arm and said, "Come, Alf, we'll miss it then." "Na," said Alf. "Am goin' to see the last bucket up!"

**Liars.**

"Horses!" said the Yankee. "Guess you can't talk to me about horses. I had an old mare, Maizenon, who once licked our best express by a couple of miles on a 30-mile run to Chicago."

"That's nothing," said the Canadian. "I was out on my farm one day, about 50 miles from the house, when a frightful storm came up. I turned the pony's head for home, and, do you know he raced the storm so close for the last 20 miles that I didn't feel a drop, while my old dog, only 10 yards behind, had to swim the whole distance."

**A Mean Remark.**

"I believe I'll sell some kisses for the Red Cross," said Miss Sereleaf. "I ought to be able to raise several thousand dollars that way."

"But, my dear," expostulated Miss Peacher, "you must have some regard for yourself."

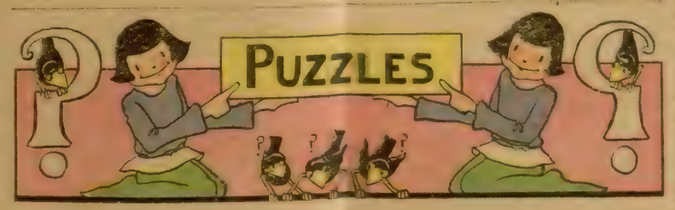
"What do you mean?"

"Think how exhausted you would be after selling several hundred dollars worth of kisses at the rate of two for a quarter."

**An Anatomical Blunder.**

"But, surely, Bunkum," said the visitor, "you are not afraid of that old dog? Why, he eats right out of my hand."

"Yassah! Yassah! When he eats out o' yo' hand, it's you hand; but when he done takes a fool notion to eat out o' my leg, it's my leg, sah!"




**Diagonal.**

59

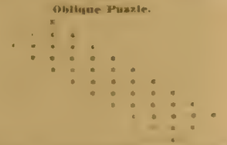
The diagonal, "S—S," is as follows: 1, To begin. 2, A musical instrument. 3, Over. 4, Wanders. 5, A lock of hair.

**Cross Word Enigma.**

60—My first is in beginning but not in close
My second is in gaiter but not in hose
My third is in night but never in day
My fourth is in March but not in May
My fifth is in story but not in song
My sixth is in brief but not in long
My seventh is in friend but not in foe
My eighth is in finger but not in toe
My ninth is in cause but not in effect
My tenth is in lying but not in erect
My eleventh is in bell but not in gong
My whole is a bird with a beautiful song

**Oblique Puzzle.**

61



1, In the Marne. 2, A small, sharp fastening. 3, A body of water. 4, At no time. 5, Kingly. 6, A sharp implement. 7, Reasoning. 8, Correct. 9, A continuation of links. 10, The extreme end. 11, In the Marne.

**A Pig Problem.**

62—Johnny asked Farmer Green how many pigs he had to sell the school children, and Farmer Green replied:

"When I have as many again as I already have, and half as many more, with the eight that my brother has, I can sell you twenty-eight." How many pigs had the farmer on hand at the time?

**ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.**

**55. Anagrams.**

1, Disraeli. 2, Columbus. 3, Bonaparte. 4, Gladstone. 5, Francis Drake. 6, Walter Raleigh.

**56. Concealed Names.**

Shakespeare—(first letters) 1, Sara; 2, Helen; 3, Anna; 4, Kate; 5, Emma; 6, Susan; 7, Pamela; 8, Esther; 9, Ada; 10, Reba; 11, Eva.

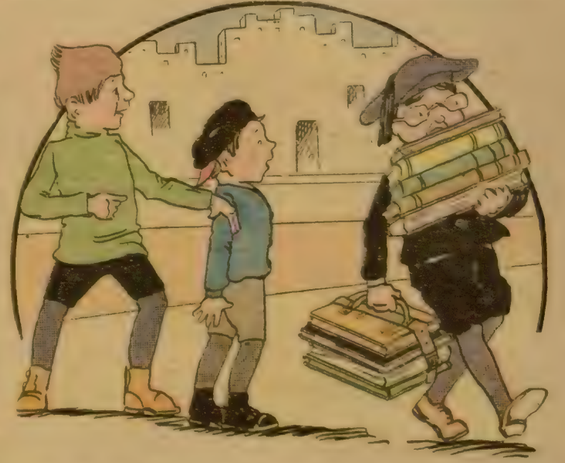
**57. T Puzzle.**

1, Rill-Trill. 2, Rowel-Trowel. 3, Ear-Tear. 4, Aunt-Taunt. 5, Rip-Trip. 6, Wit-Twit. 7, Old-Told.

**58. Beheadings.**

1, Growing, rowing, owing, wing. 2, Caprice, a price, price, rice, ice.

**It is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as brain teasers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.**



Henny—"Take it from me, Henry, it don't pay to be too smart at school. Look at de bundle of books dat 'wise guy' has to carry."

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday

By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.50 a year (52 issues), $1.00 for eight months, six months 75 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

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For Display, $2.45 each Agate Line; for Classified, 30 cents a word, per insertion for circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

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## GENTLE JABS.

Silence is often the price of domestic felicity.

A boy is always a boy, but a man isn't always a man.

Troubles are like babies; they grow larger by nursing.

Love may be blind, but the average mother-in-law isn't.

Life is short, yet most men outlive their good intentions.

Some people's idea of economy is saving money for others to spend.

A boy's first pair of trousers always fit if the pockets are large enough.

A new political broom sweeps clean. It is necessary to raise the dust.

She is a wise girl who is known by the company she declines to keep.

You can always get satisfaction by going to law—if you are a lawyer.

Too many folks are interested in business that is none of their business.

Nature is the only artist capable of producing a perfect picture of health.

Time can never heal a woman's grief if it comes in the form of a wrinkle.

If angels fear to tread where fools rush in, they should use their wings.

Things that interest some people are those that would better be left unsaid.

The girl in the case knows a man's in love long before he tumbles to the fact.

Do a man a favor and he will consider you under everlasting obligation to him.

A man wisely makes use of the present when he sells a duplicate wedding gift.

It sometimes happens that a man breaks his bank roll when he falls in love.

No man is brave enough to allow a woman to see him making faces at her first-born.

Clothes may not make the man, but the way he wears them accounts for the public estimate of him.

Every man knows how mean his acquaintances are, but he is never absolutely sure about himself.

Providence usually so arranges it that a man with a fortune gets it when he needs it most—when he's old.

Only true friends stand by you when you are under a cloud. Swarms of insects surround you when the sun shines.

Old bachelors are not all devoid of gratitude. One in Indiana recently died and left all his money to a woman who had refused to marry him when she was a girl.

# Your Kitchen in War Time

## By Mary Fuller West

### For Wheat Abstainers.

WE GET weary sometimes listening to the warnings issued by the Food Administration regarding the saving of wheat. Some of us have heard this phrase, "Save wheat," so many times that we dream about it in our beds. However, it is only by persistent hammering that the Hooverites will bring their lesson home to the vast majority of us. We are backsliders. We feel that the little bit of wheat flour which we may use doesn't matter. But it does.

Supposing every woman in the United States were to say, "It doesn't matter anyway," what do you think would be the result? We would soon be left without any wheat to ship across the waters to our soldiers or their Allies. And that would mean defeat. If you don't want to see a German army of invasion in America, follow the advice of Mr. Hoover and his aids. Be an abstainer. There are plenty of communities in this country that have pledged themselves not to use any wheat until after the next harvest. Why not join them?

Use the recipes listed below and help your country. Remember, a pound of substitute flour goes a long way in helping keep the Hun out of America.

HASTY PUDDING—Have some slightly salted (a little salt) water already boiling. Stir into it sifted Indian cornmeal until thick enough for a wooden spoon to stand up straight for a moment or two without falling; look out that the boiling meal does not fly up and burn your face or eyes. Continue boiling and stirring for a little while longer, then allow the mush to cook much more slowly for about 10 or 15 minutes without stirring. Serve with good sweet milk while the pudding is still hot, or with a sauce made of molasses and butter flavored with a little lemon juice.

For Frying—Thoroly wet the inside of a bread tin with cold water, put pudding in, smooth top a bit with back of spoon and allow to cool. Invert on a platter and it will easily slip out in solid form, mold. Cut slices crosswise and fry in pork fat, bacon fat or butter. Nice to serve with fried eggs or sausage.

CORNMEAL PANCAKES—Two cups wheat flour, ½ cup cornmeal, 1½ tablespoons baking powder, 1½ teaspoons salt, ⅛ cup sugar, 1½ cups boiling water, 1¼ cups milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon melted butter. Add meal to boiling water and boil 5 minutes; turn into bowl, add milk and remaining dry ingredients mixed and sifted, then the egg well beaten and grease. Cook on a greased griddle. This serves six people.

CORNMEAL PUFFS (without wheat)—One pint milk, 1-3 cup cornmeal, 4 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 4 eggs, grated nutmeg if desired. Cook the milk and meal together 15 minutes with the salt and sugar. When cool add the eggs well beaten. Bake in cups. Serve with stewed fruit or jam. This serves six people.

BRAN MUFFINS—Sift 1 cup of whole wheat flour with 3 teaspoons of baking powder and ½ teaspoon of salt and add 2 cups of bran. Dissolve 1 teaspoon of soda in 1 tablespoon of boiling water and add 1½ cups of thick sour milk and ¼ cup of molasses. Stir the liquid into the dry mixture, add ¼ cup of butter (melted), beat thoroly and bake in hot, buttered muffin pans for about 25 minutes.

DREAM CAKES—Butter slices of rye bread and put layers of brick cheese between like sandwiches. Fry until brown, in butter, turning first on one side and then on another.

BRAN AND RAISIN MUFFINS—Two cups bran, 1 cup whole wheat flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, ½ cup raisins, 1 egg, ¼ cup corn sirup and 1½ cups sour milk. Mix dry ingredients, add raisins, corn sirup, beaten egg and sour milk. Bake in greased muffin tins in a moderate oven.

GRAHAM AND RICE MUFFINS—Seven-eighths cup graham flour, ⅞ cup cooked rice, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon corn sirup, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ cup milk, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon oleomargarine. Mix flour, baking powder, salt and rice; add milk and well beaten egg, then the sirup and melted fat. Beat thoroly; bake in greased muffin tins in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

APPLE TAPIOCA—Quarter cup minute tapioca or sago, ¼ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cinnamon or speck of nutmeg, 2 cups boiling water, 3 tart apples. Wash, pare, quarter and core the apples. Soak the tapioca for 5 minutes in ½ cup cold water. Cook tapioca in boiling water in a double boiler until it is transparent and add the sugar, salt and spice. Put the quartered apples into a buttered pudding dish, pour on tapioca mixture and cook it in a moderate oven until the apples are tender. Serve it with sugar, cream or milk.

### Things to Remember.

A GOOD salad is made of fresh asparagus and beets served on lettuce leaves with French dressing.

In making casserole combinations, do not forget to put the lighter vegetables with the lighter meats.

Cauliflower and other vegetables can be made savory fried in olive oil and sprinkled with grated cheese.

When screws and nails are difficult to remove, try letting kerosene soak into the wood around them.

If you are mending a badly torn piece of embroidery, do as much as possible of the mending at the back.

An excellent soup is made with milk, sliced potatoes and onions, and seasoning of parsley and celery leaves.

Tough meat that has to be cooked a long time can have its juice saved in a gravy served with the meat itself.

Sprinkle house plants with a whisk broom, or, better still, spray them with a bath in the bathtub.

### Household Thrift.

BOILED rice served with stewed fruit makes a good, inexpensive dessert.

Baby's underwear should be ironed on the wrong side as well as on the right.

White oilcloth is an economical and attractive covering for the kitchen table.

Baked apples are delicious served with drawn butter, flavored and sweetened.

Good dusters are washed often, dipped in kerosene and dried in the open air.

Even when the material has to be bought, home canning is profitable.

Soap should never be rubbed on a stain until the stain has been thoroly wet.

It is better for the loaf pans to be narrow. This will insure thoro baking.

Badly spotted tan shoes should be put on a shoe tree and scrubbed with soap and water.

A little thick cream added to the horseradish when it is mixed will give it a delicious flavor.

### Stain Removers.

REMOVE tea and coffee stains with boiling water.

Remove chocolate stains with borax and cold water.

Remove scorch with wet starch and sunlight.

Remove grass stains with ammonia and water.

### Time Savers.

A GOOD cantaloupe is slightly soft when pressed with the fingers, and it has a slight fragrance.

Coffee will be better if one or two cups are poured off and back again just before serving.

A bag of salt standing where there is a smell of fish will absorb the odor.

### Creamed Salt Codfish.

PICK salt codfish in pieces and soak in lukewarm water. Drain and add to white sauce, allowing 1 cup sauce to ¾ cup fish. Add 1 well beaten egg and cook for two or three minutes over hot water. Season to taste with salt and pepper.

### Cornmeal Salad Wafers.

MIX and sift ½ cup cornmeal, ½ cup white flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Work 1 tablespoon fat into the flour and add about 3 tablespoons milk to make a dough which can be rolled very thin. Shape and bake in quick oven.

### Cornmeal Muffins.

TWO cups cornmeal, 4 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 cups sweet milk, 1 egg (may be omitted), 2 tablespoonfuls fat.

Mix dry ingredients. Add milk, well beaten egg, and melted fat. Beat well. Bake in muffin tins for 30 minutes.

### Orange Sherbet Baskets.

TAKE as many oranges of uniform size as needed, cut in the shape of a basket, allowing for handle, pulp removed, the membrane cut off and baskets filled with orange sherbet that has been frozen. Place where it will keep frozen until serving time.

### Vinegar Cuts Grease.

FOR washing dishes after a fish dinner, or especially greasy cooking utensils, add a teaspoonful of vinegar to the water, and all disagreeable odor or grease will be immediately removed.

### More Meat Substitutes.

WITH meat prices going higher every week, there is little wonder that housewives all over the country are demanding more and more recipes for substitutes for meat. Below you will find a number of good, economical recipes calling for such ingredients as cheese, milk, fish and beans. These foods contain proteins the same as meat, and will furnish your family with nourishment which it needs. Try them and help your pocketbook fight the high cost of living as well as the Huns.

PUREE OF LIMA BEANS—Four cups cooked lima beans, 2 cups of water, 2 slices fat pork, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper to taste. For additional flavoring, if desired, use 1 tablespoon each of onion, parsley or celery, chopped fine. Fry pork until crisp and brown, break into small bits, stir flour into dripping and pork, and if onion or celery is used, add this at the same time and cook for a few minutes. Add water and boil, mash the beans fine and add them. If the whole is too thick, add more water. The soup may be made more nutritious by using milk instead of water.

BAKED SALMON FISHBALLS—One quart of potatoes, 1 pint of canned salmon, 1 beaten egg, salt and pepper to taste. Dip the hands in cold water to form the balls. Melt some butter and dip each in the melted butter. Place in a tin pan and put in the oven instead of frying the usual way. When brown on top turn them over.

THIN WHITE SAUCE (ONE CUP)—One tablespoon fat, 1 tablespoon barley or corn flour, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper.

Melt fat in saucepan, stir in the flour, salt and pepper and cook slowly without browning until the mixture bubbles. Remove from the high heat, add the milk gradually, beating and stirring constantly until the sauce thickens.

POTATO SOUP—Two potatoes, 4 cups milk, ½ onion, 2 tablespoons savory fat, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, salt, paprika, pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Cook the potatoes in boiling salted water until soft and put thru a sieve. Scald milk with onion and add milk to potatoes. Melt fat, add cornstarch and seasonings and then the potato mixture. When thoroly blended add chopped parsley.

CHEESE SOUP—One-half onion, 2 tablespoons fat or batter, 1 tablespoon rice flour or 2 tablespoons sago or tapioca, 1 quart milk, 1 egg or two egg yolks, ¾ cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt, paprika.

Cook the onion in the fat until tender but not brown. Remove the onion, add the flour, then the milk gradually, saving out ¼ cup. Cook until smooth and add seasoning. If sago or tapioca is used in place of flour add it to the milk and cook 15 minutes, or until tapioca is clear. Pour the soup over the egg beaten with ¼ cup of cold milk. Add the grated cheese and serve immediately.

CREAM OF TOMATO SOUP—One slice onion, 1½ cups canned tomatoes, 2 tablespoons savory fat, 1 tablespoon cornstarch, ½ teaspoon sugar, salt, paprika, 1 clove, bit of bay leaf, 1½ cups milk.

Cook onion with tomatoes 10 minutes and rub thru strainer. Make tomato sauce, using fat, cornstarch, tomato puree and seasonings. Allow this mixture to become very cold. When ready to use combine with the cold milk. Heat in a double boiler and serve. No soda is needed if this method is followed.

### Hot Milk for Coffee.

TRY hot milk in your coffee these days instead of cream, and you will be surprised how good it is. Be sure that it is hot and not lukewarm. That is the whole secret.

### To Brighten Silver.

IF SILVERWARE is soaked in sour milk for twenty-four hours, then rinsed in hot water and wiped, it will look as bright as new.

### Not Her Job.

HE WAS a young subaltern. One evening the sister in the hospital had just finished making him comfortable for the night, and before going off duty asked:

"Is there anything that I can do for you before I leave?"

Dear little two stars replied: "Well, yes, I should like very much to be kissed good night."

Sister rustled over to the door. "Just wait till I call the orderly," she said, "he does all that rough work here."

# The Busher Has His Fling

## A Baseball Story

### By Irving Estes

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ONE cannot judge the worth of the consomme by the acoustics, nor a baseball player by the general topography of the exterior of his bean; which brings us at once into a consideration of the case of young Mr. Giovanni Scanegatta, from the vine-clad hills of sunny Italy.

He came into the training camp of the Portland Beavers and struck Boss McCredie for a job; a tall, slim, angular youth with long, dangling arms, generous pedal extremities and a face such as Michael Angelo was wont to put on canvas in warm, glowing colors.

Boss McCredie gave him the once over in his calculating way of appraising a new recruit; then he asked, casually:

"What's your name?"

"Giovanni Scanegatta," answered the rooky.

"You want a try-out with the Beavers?"

"Yes, sir."

McCredie continued his searching gaze, scrutinizing the new arrival in speculative silence. He noted the thick, curly brown hair, the flashing dark eyes, even white teeth and clear-cut classical features of the applicant; then he remarked in tones of finality: "You got off at the wrong station, kid; you've no business at the training camp of a baseball team——"

"Yes, sir; I have——"

"What you should be hunting up is a movie studio. Ever try to get on down in southern California?"

The hopeful expectancy in the face of the applicant gave way to an expression so imbued with sorrow and disappointment that the good-natured manager of the Beavers felt impelled to ask: "Where'd you ever play baseball, son?"

The visitor's face brightened up instantly. "On the lots, mostly," he answered eagerly, "'round New York."

"That all your experience?"

"Aw, no—no."

"I s'pose McGraw wanted you for the Giants—but you couldn't get together on terms, eh?"

The attempted irony was lost on the applicant. He answered, simply: "I never talked with McGraw. I played some in the bushes back East, and I made the team at St. Mary's College here in California. I ain't the best in the world—but I can get better—under you."

This frank admission seemed to have some weight with the big boss; he asked with more interest than he had yet displayed: "What position do you play, Scanegatta?"

"I'm a pitcher."

"We'll see," responded the manager. He motioned to Fisher, one of his first-string catchers, to put on his big mitt. "Give him a try-out, Gus," he said without enthusiasm. "Let's see what he's got."

Fisher, kindly disposed toward all young pitchers just breaking into the game, took his position behind the plate; he grinned good-naturedly at the gawky youngster facing him out on the mound.

"Shoot 'em in, busher," he called to him, cheerily. "Let's see yuh show up some of the ol' soup-bones we're carryin' along this spring!"

The morning practice had been hard and grueling to the yet unseasoned players. When the rookie arrived, however, they lay spread out upon the ground in the warm sunshine. They gazed languidly out on the diamond as Fisher took his place behind the plate; but they had witnessed the coming—and going—of far too many bloomers to evidence any real concern in the procedure, as yet.

At first the young recruit contented himself with shooting the ball straight across the plate, but with a speed which aroused the instant respect and regard of Gus Fisher. Finally the catcher called to him: "Put a little something on it, sonny. Try a high in-shoot 'round the neck!"

The audience on the players' bench began to take notice. The pitcher nodded, and stood poised upon the mound, all of his earlier apparent ungainliness swept aside by the inherent instinct of a natural player. He turned the ball loose. It started high and wide; then, as it neared the plate it broke sharply, cutting the inner edge about neck high.

"Atta-boy!" shouted Fisher. "Jes' what the doctor ordered! Now how 'bout an out-drop—shoot 'er in, Kid!" Again the catcher received what he had called for; his face fairly beamed his pleasure and delight. The players on the side lines dropped their attitudes of indifference. Paddy Siglin—third baseman—arose and went over to question Boss McCredie.

"Say, who's that bird out there pitchin' to Fisher?" he asked.

"A player from St. Mary's," answered McCredie. "His name is Giovanni Scanegatta."

Siglin stroked his chin dubiously. "Come again on that name, please," he said. "I didn't quite get you."

McCredie gave him no further reply. Instead he arose and strode briskly over to a position immediately back of Gus Fisher, whose antics seemed to indicate that he was unearthing a phenom. Siglin returned to the group of players around the bench. "Who is he?" they began questioning. "Where's he from?"

The third baseman assumed an air of knowing importance.

"His name," he answered loftily, "is Gloriano Spaghetti—an' he's a Swede boy from County Cork!"

Fisher held a brief consultation with the new recruit, then the manager called the men up for batting practice against the swarthy busher.

Ken Williams, center-fielder, who had a habit of lacing out long drives to the fences and beyond, was the first to face the young twirler. He did so with an airy confidence born of a remembrance of past performances under similar conditions. He swung hard at the first ball pitched, and missed it a foot.

McCredie looked at him wonderingly. "Say, Ken," he observed, "are you going stone blind—or has this young busher got the goods?"

Williams expectorated fiercely, pulled down his cap, and called back out of the corner of his mouth: "Watch me! I'll hit the next one a mile!"

"Instead, He Waited for a Blow-up. It Came. Then He Settled With Me and Signed the Kid."

However, he didn't hit it a mile—or even a foot; in fact, he failed to find it at all, a performance that duly impressed the next batters up with the fact that the tall boy facing them out there had a little something beside his glove along with him.

The try-out thoroly convinced the Beaver manager that kind Fate had brought a "find" to his camp; that the young recruit from St. Mary's was well worth taking along. He assured the happy recruit of his decision; but in doing so, with the experience of an old head, he dealt out but meager praise.

Scanegatta, by his work against them, had already won the respect of the other players; his unassuming manner and ever apparent eagerness to learn and improve also made him an esteemed member of the jovial, hard-working Beaver family.

One thing, however, his newly acquired associates refused absolutely to countenance—his name. They felt, as a man, that the season was far too short to spend in dallying with a name like Giovanni Scanegatta. So they called him "Joe." Sometimes some of the rival pitchers referred to him as Joe, the Busher; this in turn finally gave way to a sort of affectionate appellation supposedly of Italian derivation—"Joe da Bush;" and it was under the somewhat unusual but wholly satisfactory cognomen of Joe da Bush that the youthful, hopeful and ambitious recruit from St. Mary's College made his debut among the classy players of the Pacific Coast League.

The Portland Beavers opened the season in Salt Lake.

They got away to a bad start, finding it difficult, apparently, to get going right in the high altitude. At least, that was the alibi.

They dropped the opener by a lopsided score; also the next two games hand-running. The third battle, however, went into extra innings, and was a fight from start to finish. It was during this contest that Joe da Bush—fairly oozing nervous energy and fervid implorations—got out on the third-base coaching line. Then his fellow players detected that he possessed an attribute hitherto undiscovered by them—a voice of amazing power and carrying quality.

In the grand stand a large, portly, pompous gentleman of swarthy countenance heard the vocal exhortations of the coacher down near third. As the first booming call rang out across the field his former somewhat placid interest in the game gave place to an animation which bordered closely upon the hysterical.

On the afternoon of the fourth and last game of the series McCredie, in desperation, decided to put in his busher pitcher. The game started, the Bees boasting that they were going to make a clean sweep of the series. Joe da Bush, lanky, but complacently nonchalant, went into the box.

Bernhardt, the Bees manager, urged his men to start in at once to sew up the game. "Get after this wop, fellows; you can get to him like you did all the others!"

Up in the grand stand a large, portly gentleman of swarthy countenance kept his gaze centered upon the slim form pitching for Portland with an ardency which somehow seemed to speak of an interest and concern quite apart from the contest at hand. Once, speaking half aloud to himself, he said fervently: "I gotta da dope; it is beem!"

In that fourth game Boss McCredie obtained revenge upon the haughty Bees. There is a short left field in Salt Lake; both Williams and Denny Wiley lifted the sphere over this fence, each with a man on ahead of him. The final score was 4—0; for Joe da Bush, the gawky young rooky from St. Mary's, held the customarily heavy-hitting Bees without a run or a hit!

Naturally the Portland papers, already forgetting the three defeats, were loud in their praises of McCredie's team, and especially were they hilarious over the manager's new phenom addition to his pitching staff. The big boss himself was mightily tickled over that no-run-no-hit game. That same evening, before the team left for Los Angeles, he hunted up his bush pitcher and presented the astonished youngster with a fifty-dollar bill. In the City of Angels Joe da Bush purchased an express order for even fifty dollars. To some of his teammates who chanced to come upon him during this transaction he volunteered the information: "That goes to the little mother—back in Italy."

In Los Angeles the Beavers managed to get an even break of the series, each team taking two games. Joe da Bush, owing to a slight indisposition, did not pitch; but in one of the boxes down near third was a large Italian gentleman at every game, who, tho he rooted for neither team,, seemed to take an absorbing interest in the contests. Paddy Siglin, remembering that he had seen this somewhat imposing personage at the Salt Lake games, called the attention of Shortstop Hollocker to the fact. "That bird's here for a purpose, Holly," he remarked during the course of the last game.

"You think he's an ivory-hunter, Paddy?" queried the shortstop.

"I know he is," answered Siglin. "He saw that no-hit game in Salt Lake, and now——"

"Little early for scouts from the big leagues," Hollocker broke in skeptically.

"Ordinarily, yes; but, remember, these are not like the times when there was no shortage of players. Some of these days, soon, you'll see him talking with the boss—and talking big money, too."

The other players, as well, had noticed the presence of the Italian at every game. They had dubbed him the Count, and each and all felt that he was there in the capacity of scout, and one particularly interested in the work of the St. Mary's twirler. By this time Joe da Bush was a prime favorite among his associates; not a man in the outfit but what wanted to see him make good with a rush, and felt a confidence that he possessed the ability to deliver the goods. The little incident of his sending the fifty dollars straightway back to Italy had not been without its effect upon his team-mates, and from the meager information on the subject they had gleaned from him they knew that every dollar he could possibly send was urgently needed. For this reason, aside from his own agreeable personality, they all wished him success in landing a berth.

At San Francisco McCredie put Joe in against the Seals. For five innings he held them helpless; then they suddenly changed tactics; this change marked the beginning of stormy times for young Mr. Scanegatta. Unable to knock the ball out of the lot, the wily Seals began bunting to the pitcher. They had found his one and only weakness—his inability to field a bunt! Try as he might, he could not field that torrent of puny rollers poured in upon him. His feet were too big; his efforts to handle himself would have seemed laughable had they been less tragic. Already Giovanni Scanegatta had reached the pinnacle of his success on the green diamond, and was making a rapid, dizzy, inglorious descent. The busher who became a hero in Salt Lake was a joke in San Francisco. None realized this more fully than the pitcher himself; the boy was broken-hearted. He was yanked in the seventh, but the game was then lost beyond recall.

Taking pity on his misery, and sensing the certainty of the dismissal now staring him in the face, his team-mates endeavored during the next two forenoons to coach him up and teach him how to handle himself and those puny, tantalizing rollers. Their combined efforts were futile; he could not get out of the way of his own enormous feet. McCredie, willing to give the youngster every chance to make good, started him in the last game with the Seals, the Beavers having taken the two intervening games. But he dropped the game; they "got to him" in the same old way, and it began to loom very clearly that the handsome, hard-working, likable young recruit was thru. Strangely enough the Count, who had not missed a game, seemed in no way depressed by the evident blowing up of the phenom. On the contrary, with each successive failure of the youth, the big Italian appeared to regard him with increased interest and favor. Still as yet he had not

communicated in any manner with Manager McCredie.

The Beavers reached home in third place. A big crowd was out to witness the opener; and in one of the boxes down near third sat the Count. As most of Mac's pitchers were suffering, with sore arms he decided, almost as a last resort, to start Joe da Bush again against the Bees—the team he had once shut out so handily.

He started off well. It was easy to see the youth was pitching with every ounce of his strength, and using all his skill and cunning, determined to make a valiant stand to redeem his glimmering prestige and reputation. For three innings he mowed the Bees down as fast as they came up; he was given a hand from the home crowd each time he left the mound. Meanwhile the Beavers had acquired three runs, which looked like a safe lead.

But the Bees had learned a little something from their rivals, the Seals; they switched to the latter's tactics, and began bunting. Joe da Bush gummed up the first three attempts in succession, and the bases were filled. Fisher fielded the next bunt, and cut off a runner at home; then Joe fell over his feet a couple of more times, threw wild to first and three Bees buzzed over the pan!

The crowd began to hoot and yell; those who had come to cheer remained to jeer; and that didn't help the busher's work. The bleachers began calling out raucously: "Where'd yuh get him?" "Take him out! Take him out!" Finally, after two more runs, convinced that trying to win the game with Joe in the box was like jumping in the ocean to get dry, McCredie pulled him out. Defeated, humiliated, he stalked with drooping head over to the bench: a pitiful figure of a burst bubble, brilliant for the most part, but not puncture-proof.

Penner, who had been warming up on the side lines, went in. Despite a sore wing, he succeeded in stemming the tide. But it was too late; the Bees won by a score of 6—4.

As the disheartened Beavers left the field, McCredie remarked to Captain Rodgers:

"Curtains for Joe da Bush, Bill. I'll hand him his release tonight."

After their shower and rub-down Captain Bill Rodgers began a little talk to his men.

"Fellows," he said, "I want to say a few words to you about Joe da Bush; he's 'canned'—an' I know there ain't a man among us but what's sorry to see the kid go. He's been with us six weeks, an' that's long enough to learn what a man he is. He didn't get chesty when things were goin' right for him; an' he didn't let out a yelp an' a lot of alibis when things all broke wrong for him. He's jes' a dandy kid, an' a gentleman. Am I right?"

"You're right!" came the answer in a chorus.

Bill Rodgers grinned at them approvingly; then he resumed: "Now, we know what the kid's been doin' with his money; ev'ry cent he could get hold of he's been sendin' to his family back in Italy. I know he hasn't a bean to his name—an' tonight he's to be cut loose to drift. Well, what are we goin' to do about it? For my part I favor takin' up a little collection for him; we could chip in three bones apiece—an' that, with what I pry loose from Mac, will be a stake for him, at any rate; what do you say?"

There was an instant response to the appeal. Paddy Siglin threw three silver dollars into his cap and started around among his team-mates. At the end of the circuit he had accumulated thirty-three dollars, with the manager yet to be reckoned with. At that moment the door of the dressing-room opened slowly and Joe da Bush came in.

He had regained his customary good spirits, apparently, and his usual genial manner, tho he still seemed laboring under some stress of emotion.

"Well, fellows—I'm thru," he began. "McCredie hasn't said he was goin' to bump me, and I don't know as he will—yet; but I'm the bunk; I know it myself—and I'm goin' to quit tonight, before he tags me. I came in here to see you fellows; I like you, and I like the game; I hate to quit—but I'm not there, so what's the use! I didn't drop in to say good-by yet, but to get you boys to promise me you'll be my guests tonight for a little spread at the Benson; will you?"

His team-mates looked into each other's faces in dumb wonderment. "A spread at the Benson!" gasped Captain Rodgers.

"Sure! I'm dependin' on seein' you all there at eight o'clock!"

Without another word he turned and left them. Before any one could speak Manager McCredie entered by another door. Remembering the business at hand when they were interrupted by Joe, Captain Rodgers started at once for his boss. "Boss," he said, "we've been takin' up a little collection for the kid; we've got thirty-three dollars now——"

"Oh, you have," broke in McCredie. "Well, you poor boobs——"

"Come on, now," Bill went on, "don't stall; loosen up for once in your life. Make it even forty bucks!"

For a moment the genial manager stood grinning into the faces around him; then he began, placidly: "Taking up a collection for the kid, hey? Well, let me tell you something before you go any farther; Joe da Bush has just signed a contract calling for more money than the whole bunch of you make in two years!"

He paused to let this sink in, then he continued: "Yep; I've just had a talk with the Count, as you call him——"

"An'—an' he signed Joe up?" queried Rodgers in amazement.

"You bet he did; for, seeing he wanted him so badly I finally agreed to sell him."

"Then the 'Count' really is a——"

"Is a big Italian impresario."

"Whatever that is."

"The head of a big grand opera company. Five years ago, in crossing over from Italy, he chanced to go down into the steerage. There he came upon a boy singer with a marvelous voice. He obtained permission from the ship's captain for the young singer to go up with him and entertain the passengers, which he did in a manner which charmed all those who listened. He learned something of the boy's history: that his father had died, leaving a big family for the mother to raise. He set forth for America to earn money to send back to them. He wanted to take Giovanni Scanegatta in charge——"

"Why didn't he?"

"The boy wouldn't listen to his offers; he couldn't believe that the offers were genuine. Also, he had certain notions of his own; he wanted to be a professional ball player."

"No!"

"That was the kid's one and only ambition. It seems that he was a distant relative of the great Abbiticio, who once adorned the big leagues a few years back. He heard stories of the fabulous wealth Abbiticio made on the diamond; so he came to America with the one big idea of following in his relative's steps."

"And the Count lost track of him?" queried Bill.

"Yes; but he never forgot that vibrant young voice from the steerage. He attended ball games from time to time in all parts of the country, and mostly from the mere obscure hope of some day getting trace of Scanegatta again. That fateful day came in Salt Lake. He recognized in the voice of the coacher at third the voice only waiting development to become the wonder and admiration of the age—using his own fervid language. He was overjoyed at finding his singer again; but he didn't lose his head over it. He learned that the kid was merely being given a try-out; he was wise enough not to butt in while the boy was going in sensational form. Instead, he waited hopefully, prayerfully for a blow-up. It came. Then he settled with me and signed the kid; some fox!"

Captain Rodgers' expression was one of doubt and skepticism. "You mean to say, chief," he questioned, "that this big impresario—who doubtless knows his business—expects to take this raw young busher and shoot him right into singin' grand opera——"

"Wrong, all wrong!" answered McCredie. "These big songbirds don't arrive over any such easy route as that. There's work ahead for the kid, and long, hard training before he ever holds down stage center, or pulls the second-story stunt in Romeo and Juliet. But the Count figures he knows a voice when he hears one; and he was willing and glad to pay the kid big money on the prospect of future returns."

"And Joe was glad to sign with him?"

"Was he? Man, you should have seen the look of rapture in those big, dark, soulful orbs of his! And he'll make good in time, too, with the Count backing him all the way from chorus to limelight; but as a pitcher, speaking literally, Joe da Bush has had his fling."

One cannot judge the worth of the consomme by the acoustics; nor an embryo opera singer by his manner of mangling a bunt.

There was a brief interval of silence amongst the Beaver players; then Captain Bill Rodgers called over to Third Baseman Siglin:

"Jes' keep that thirty-three bucks in your jeans, Paddy; we'll split it around after the big eats tonight!"

# Into the Primitive

Continued From Page 13

up by Blake to facilitate the first part of the ascent was now so high that she could climb into the branches without difficulty. She surmised that Blake had found it necessary to build up the pile before he could ascend with his burden.

They were at the foot of the heap when, with a sharp exclamation, Blake sprang up into the branches and scrambled to the top in hot haste. Wondering what this might mean, Miss Leslie followed as fast as she could. When she reached the top she saw him running across towards an out-jutting point on the north edge of the cliff.

She had hurried after him for more than half the distance before she perceived the vultures that were gathered in a solemn circle about a long and narrow heap of stones, on a ledge, down on the sloping brink of the cliff. While at the foot of the tree Blake had seen one of the grewsome flock descending to join the others, and, fearful of what might be happening, had rushed onahead.

At his approach the croaking watchers hopped awkwardly from the ledges and soared away, only to wheel and circle back overhead. Miss Leslie shrank down, shuddering. Blake came back near her and began to gather up the pieces of loose rock which were strewn about beneath the ledges on that part of the cliff.

"I know I piled up enough," he explained, in response to her look. "All the same, a few more will do no harm."

"Then you are sure those awful birds have not——"

"Yes; I'm sure."

He carried an armful of rocks to lay on the mound. When he began to gather more she followed his example. They worked in silence, piling the rough stones gently one upon another, until the cairn had grown to twice its former size. The air on the open cliff-top was fresher than in the cleft, and Miss Leslie gave little heed to the absence of shade. She would have worked on under the burning sun without thought of consequences. But Blake knew the need of moderation.

"There! that'll do," he said. "He may have been—all he was; but we've no more than done our duty. Now we'll stroll out on the point."

"I should prefer to return."

"No doubt. But it's time you learned how to go nesting. What if you should be left alone here? Besides, it looks to me like the signal is tearing loose."

She accompanied him out along the cliff crest until they stood in the midst of the bird colony, half deafened by their harsh clamor. She had never ventured into their concourse when alone. Even now she cried out, and would have retreated before the sharp bills and beating wings had not Blake walked ahead and kicked the squawking birds out of the path. Having made certain that the big white flag was still secure on its staff, he led the way along the seaward brink of the cliff, pointing out the different kinds of seafowl, and shouting information about such of their habits and qualities as were of concern to hungry castaways.

He concluded the lesson by descending a dizzy flight of ledges to rob the nest of a frigate bird. It was a foolhardy feat at best, and doubly so in view of the thousands of eggs lying all around in the hollows of the cliff top. But from these Blake had recently culled out all the fresh settings of the frigate birds, and none of the other eggs equalled them in delicacy of flavor.

"How's that?" he demanded, as he drew himself up over the edge of the cliff and handed the big chalky-white egg into her keeping.

"I would rather go without than see you take such risks," she replied coldly.

"You would, eh?" he cried, quite misunderstanding her, and angered by what seemed to him a gratuitous rebuff. "Well, I'd rather you'd say nothing than speak in that tone. If you don't want the egg heave it over."

Unable to conceive any cause for his sudden anger, she was alarmed, and drew back, watching him with sidelong glances.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Think I'm going to bite you?"

She shrank further away, and did not answer. He stared at her, his eyes hard and bright. Suddenly he burst into a harsh laugh, and strode away towards the cliff, savagely kicking aside the birds that came in his path.

When, an hour later, the girl crept back along the cleft to the baobab, she saw him hard at work building a little hut several yards down towards the barricade. The moment she perceived what he was about her bearing became less guarded, and she took up her own work with a spirit and energy which she had not shown since the adventure with the puff adder.

At her call to the noon meal Blake took his time to respond, and when he at last came to join her he was morose and taciturn. She met him with a smile, and exerted all her womanly tact to conciliate him.

"You must help me eat the egg," she said. "I've boiled it hard."

"Rather eat beef," he mumbled.

"But just to please me—when I've cooked it your way?"

He uttered an inarticulate sound which she chose to interpret as assent. The egg was already shelled. She cut it exactly in half, and served one of the pieces to him with a bit of warm fat and a pinch of salt. As he took the dish he raised his sullen eyes to her face. She met his gaze with a look of smiling insistence.

"Come now," she said; "please don't refuse. I'm sorry I was so rude."

"Well, if you feel that way about it!—not that I care for fancy dishes," he responded gruffly.

"It would be missing half the enjoyment to eat such a delicacy without some one to share it," she said.

Blake looked away without answer. But she could see that his face was beginning to clear. Greatly encouraged, she chatted away as tho they were seated at her father's dining table, and he was an elderly friend from the business world whom it was her duty to entertain.

For a while Blake betrayed little interest, confining himself to monosyllables except when he commented on the care with which she had cooked the various dishes. When she least expected, he looked up at her, his lips parted in a broad smile. She stopped short, for she had been describing her first social triumphs, and his untimely levity embarrassed her.

"Don't get mad, Miss Jenny," he said, his eyes twinkling. "You don't know how funny it seems to sit here and listen to you talking about those things. It's like serving up ice cream and onions in the same dish."

"I'm sure, Mr. Blake——"

"Beats a burlesque all hollow—Mrs. Sint-Regis-Waldoff's chop-sooey tea and young Mrs. Vandam-Jones' auto-cotillon—with us sitting here like troglodyts, chewing snake-poisoned antelope, and you in that Kundry dress——"

"Do you—I was not aware that you knew about music."

"Don't know a note. But give me a chance to hear good music, and I'm there, if I have to stand in the peanut gallery; but when it comes to leopard ladies——" He paused and surveyed her with frank admiration.

The blood leaped into her face.

"Oh!" she gasped, "I never dreamed that even such a man as you would compare me with—with a creature like that!"

"Such a man as me!" repeated Blake, staring. "What do you mean? I know I'm not much of a ladies' man; but to be yanked up like this when a fellow is trying to pay a compliment—well, it's not just what you'd call pleasant."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Blake. I misunderstood. I——"

"That's all right, Miss Jenny! I don't ask any lady to beg my pardon. The only thing is I don't see why you should flare out at me that way."

For a full minute she sat, with downbent head, her face clouded with doubt and indecision. At last she bravely raised her eyes to meet his.

"Do you wonder that I am not quite myself?" she asked. "You should remember that I have always had the utmost comforts of life, and have been cared for— Don't you see how terrible it is for me? And then the death of—of——"

"I can't be sorry for that!"

"But even you felt how terrible it was . . . and then— Oh, surely, you must see how—how embarrassing——"

It was Blake's turn to look down and hesitate. She studied his face, her bosom heaving with quick-drawn breath; but she could make nothing of his square jaw and firm-set lips. His eyes were concealed by the brim of his leaf hat. When he spoke, seemingly it was to change the subject: "Guess you saw me making my hut. I'm fixing it so it'll do me even when it rains."

Had he been the kind of man that she had been educated to consider as alone entitled to the name of gentleman she could have felt certain that he had intended the remark for a delicately worded assurance. But was Tom Blake, for all his blunt kindliness, capable of such tact? She chose to consider that he was.

"It's a cunning little bungalow. But will not the rain flood you out?"

"It's going to have a raised floor. You're more like to have the rain drive in on you again. I'll have to rig up a porch over your door. It won't do to stuff up the hole. You've little enough air as it is. But that can wait a while. There's other work more pressing. First, there's the barricade. By the time that's done those hyena skins will be cured enough to use. I've got to have new trousers soon, and new shoes, too."

"I can do the sewing if you will cut out the pattern."

"No; I'll take a stagger at it myself first. Id rather you'd go egging. You need to run around more, to keep in trim."

"I feel quite well now, and I am growing so strong! The only thing is this constant heat."

"We'll have to grin and bear it. After all, it's not so bad, if only we can stave off the fever. Another reason I want you to go for eggs is that you can take your time about it, and keep a look-out for steamers."

"Then you think——?"

"Don't screw up your hopes too high. We've little show of being picked up by a chance boat on a coast with reefs

like this. But I figure that if I was in your daddy's shoes it 'd be high time for me to be cabling a ship to run up from Natal, or down from Zanzibar, to look around for jettison, et cetera."

"I'm sure papa will offer a big reward."

"Second the motion! I've a sort of idea I wouldn't mind coming in for a reward myself."

"You? Oh, yes, to be sure. Papa is generous, and he will be grateful to any one who——"

"You think I mean his dirty money!" broke in Blake, hotly.

Her confusion told him that he had not been mistaken. His face, only a moment since bright and pleasant, took on its sullenest frown.

Miss Leslie rose hurriedly and started along the cleft.

"Hello!" he called. "Not going for eggs now, are you?"

She did not reply.

"Hang it all, Miss Jenny! Don't go off like that!"

"May I ask you to excuse me, Mr. Blake? Is that sufficient?"

"Sufficient? It's enough to give a fellow a chill! Come now, don't go off mad. You know I've a quick temper. Can't you make allowances?"

"You've—you've no right to look so angry, even if I did misunderstand you. You misunderstood me!" She caught herself up with a half sob. His silence gave her time to recover her composure. She continued with excessive politeness, "Need I repeat my request to be excused, Mr. Blake?"

"No; once is enough! But, honest now, I didn't mean to be nasty."

"Good-day, Mr. Blake."

"Oh, da-darn it, good-day!" he groaned.

When a few minutes later she returned he was gone. He did not come back until some time after dark, when she had withdrawn to her lean-to for the night. His hands were bleeding from thorn scratches; but after a hasty supper, he went back down the cleft to build up the new wall of the barricade with the great stack of fresh thorn brush that he had gathered during the afternoon.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE END OF THE WORLD.

IN THE morning he met Miss Leslie with a sullen bearing, which, however, did not altogether conceal his desire to be on friendly terms. Having regained her self-control, she responded to this with such tact that by evening each felt more at ease in the new relationship, and Blake had lost every trace of his moroseness. The fact that both were passionately fond of music proved an immense help. It gave them an impersonal source of mutual sympathy and understanding — a common meeting ground in the world of art and culture, apart from and above the plane of their material wants.

Yet for all his enjoyment of the girl's wide knowledge of everything relating to music, Blake took care that their talks and discussions did not interfere with the activities of their primitive mode of life. As soon as he had finished with the barricade he devoted himself to his tailoring and shoemaking; while Miss Leslie, between her cooking and wood gathering and daily visits to the cliff for eggs, had much to occupy both her thoughts and her hands.

At first every ascent of the cliff was embittered by a painful consciousness of the cairn upon the north edge. Fortunately it was not in sight from the direct path to the headland, and, as she refrained from visiting it, the new happenings of her wild life soon thrust Winthrope and his death out of the foreground of her thoughts. Each day she had to nerve herself to meet the beaks and wings of the despoiled nest owners; each day she looked with greater hope for the expected rescue ship, only to be increasingly disappointed.

But the hours she spent on the cliff crest after gathering the day's supply of eggs were not spent merely in watching and longing. The inconvenience of carrying the eggs in a handkerchief or in one of the heavy jars suggested a renewal of her attempt at basket-making. Memory, perseverance and a trace of inventiveness enabled her to produce a small, but serviceable, hamper of split bamboo.

Encouraged by this success, she gathered a quantity of tough, wiry grass and wove a hat to take the place of the flimsy palm-leaf makeshift. The result was by no means satisfactory with regard to style, its shape being intermediate between a Mexican sombrero and a funnel but aside from its appearance, she could not have wished for a more comfortable head cover. Before showing it to Blake she wove a second one for him, so that they were able to cast aside the grotesque palm-leaf affairs at the same time.

The following morning Blake appeared in an outfit to match her leopard-skin dress. He had singed off the hair of the hide out of which he had made his moccasins, and his hyena-skin trousers quite matched the bristling stubble on his face.

"Hey, Miss Jenny!" he hailed; "what d' you think of this for fancy needlework?"

"Splendid! You are the very picture of an Argentine vaquero."

"Greaser?—uh! Let me get back to the Weary Willie pants!"

"I mean you are very picturesque.'

"That's it, is it? Glad I've got something to call your leopardine gown that won't make you huffy."

"We can at least call our costumes serviceable, and mine has proved much cooler than I expected."

"But our new hats beat all for that—regular sunshades. What do you say?—there's a good breeze—— Let's take a hike."

"Not to the river! The very thought of that dreadful snake——"

"No; just the other way. I've been thinking for some time that we ought to run down to that south headland and take a squint at the coast beyond. Ten to one, it's another stretch of swamps, but——"

"You think there is a chance we may find a town?"

"About one chance in a million, even for a native village. The slave trade wiped the niggers off this coast and I guess those that hit out up-country ran so hard they haven't been able to get back yet."

"But it has been years since the slave trade was forbidden."

"And they don't sell beer in Kansas—oh, no! I'll bet the dhows still slip over from Madagascar when the moon is in the right quarter. At any rate, niggers are mighty scarce or mighty shy around here. I've kept a watch for smoke and haven't seen a suspicion of it anywhere. Maybe the swamps swing around inland and cut off this strip of coast. It looked that way to me when I made that trip along the ridge. But there's a chance it used to be inhabited, and we may run across an abandoned village."

"I do not see that the discovery would do us any good."

"How about the chance of grain or bananas still growing? But that's all a guess. We're going because we need a change."

She nodded and hastened to prepare breakfast, while he packed a skin bag with food and examined the slender tips of his arrows. As a matter of precaution, he had been keeping them in the cigarette case, where the points would be certain of a coat of the sticky poison and at the same time guarded against inflicting a chance wound. But as he was now about to set out on a journey he fitted tips into the heads of his two straightest shafts.

The morning was still fresh when they closed the barricade behind them and descended to the pool. There was no game in sight, but Blake had no wish to hunt at the commencement of the trip. The steady southwest wind had blown the sky clear of its malarial haze and gave promise of a day which should know nothing of sultry calm—a day on which game would be hard to stalk, but one perfectly suited for a long tramp.

Mindful of ticks, Blake headed obliquely across to the beach. Once on the smooth, hard sand, they swung along at a brisk pace, light-hearted and keen with the spirit of adventure. Never had they felt more companionable. Miss Leslie laughed and chatted and sang snatches of songs, while Blake beat time with his club, or sought to whistle grand opera—he had healed his blistered lips some time before by liberal applications of antelope tallow.

Gulls and terns circled about them or hovered over the water, ready to swoop down upon their finny prey. Sandpipers ran along the beach within a stone's throw, but the curlews showed their greater knowledge of mankind by keeping beyond gunshot.

Once a great flock of geese drove high overhead, their leader honking the alarm as they swept above the suspicious figures on the beach. Like the curlews, they had knowledge of mankind. But the flock of white pelicans which came sailing along in stately leisure on their immense wings floated past so low that Blake felt certain he could shoot one. He raised his bow and took aim, but refrained from shooting at the thought that it might be a sheer waste of his precious poison.

A little later a heard of large animals appeared on the border of the grass jungle, but wheeled and dashed back into cover so quickly that Blake barely had time to make out that they were buffaloes—the first he had seen on this coast, but easily recognized by their resemblance to the Cape variety. Their flight gave him small concern; for the time being he was more interested in topography than game.

The southern headland now lay close before them, its seaward face rearing up sheer and lofty, but the approach behind running down in broken terraces. Mid-morning found the explorers at the foot of the ridge. Blake squinted up at the bowlder-strewn slopes and the crannies of the broken ledges.

"Likely place for snakes, Miss Jenny," he remarked. "Guess I'd better lead."

Eager as she was to look over into the country beyond, the girl dropped into second place, and made no complaint about the wary slowness of her companion's advance. She found the most difficult parts of the ascent quite easy after her training on the tree ladder. Blake could have taken ledges and all at a run, but as he mounted each terrace he halted to spy out the ground before him. Like Miss Leslie, he was looking for snakes, tho for an exactly opposite reason. He wished to add to the contents of the cigarette case.

Greatly to his disappointment and the girl's relief, neither snake nor sign of snake was to be seen all the way up the ridge. As they neared the crest Blake turned to offer her his hand up the last ledges, and in the instant they gained the top.

The wind, now freshening to a gale, struck the girl with such force that she would have been blown back down the ledges had not Blake clutched her wrist. Heedless alike of the painful grip which held her and of the gusts which tore at her skirt, the girl stood gazing out across the desolate swamps which stretched away to the southwest as far as the eye could see. She did not speak until Blake led her down behind the shelter of the crest ledges.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Didn't I warn you?"

She looked away to hide the tears which sprang into her eyes.

"I can't explain—only, it makes me feel so—so lonely!"

"Oh, come now, little woman; don't take on so!" he urged. "It might be a lot worse, you know. We've gotten along pretty well, considering."

"You have been very kind, Mr. Blake, and as you say, matters might have been worse. I do not forget how far more terrible was our situation the morning after the storm. Yet you must realize how disappointing it is to lose even the slightest hope of escape."

"Well, I don't know. If it wasn't for


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**Leonard-Morton & Co.**
Dept. 1728 Chicago

**LEONARD-MORTON & CO.**
Dept. 1728 Chicago

Send the Len-Mort Shoes prepaid. I will pay $3.15 on arrival, and examine them carefully. If I am not satisfied, will send them back and you will refund my money.

Size..... Width.....

Name.....

Age..... Married or single.....

Address.....

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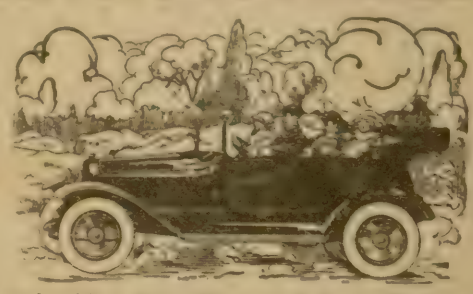
A FINE new five passenger touring car will be given absolutely free to some one who acts right away. Wouldn't you be happy and proud to own this fine automobile? Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning automobiles. As soon as they see the advertisement they go to work, solve the puzzle and so get a great big start in the contest.

## Solve the Puzzle

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like the one we are going to give away. In this picture are six partly-hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by twisting and turning the picture around they will be revealed to you. Can you find them?



## You Will Win

a prize if you do. Try it and don't give up, it will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. When your answer is received we will send you a beautiful surprise present—you will delight in owning this present.

## If You Are Quick You Can Have It

This test is to prove whether you are quick and give you a good head start, so solve the puzzle, mark the faces and write your name and address clearly on a piece of paper and inclose with it four cents in stamps to help pay the cost of mailing the Free Surprise Present we will send you. But that is not all. To give you a good head start, we will send you

## 2,000 Free Auto Votes

and tell you all about this splendid five passenger touring car and show you how you can get it if you are quick. There is no expense, no entrance fee. No lottery or game of chance.

## Other Rewards to All

This is the easiest and most liberal offer ever made. It is so arranged that every one who will do a little advertising for us will be richly rewarded. We will give away bicycles, tool boxes, cutlery, cameras, watches, sets of dishes, and many other presents too numerous to mention. Every one who does what we say gets a present, and if you do it well you get this automobile free in addition to the presents. Get your share of them.

## Don't Wait—Solve the Puzzle Today

Hurry! Find at least four of the partly-hidden faces in the picture, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and coupon and mail it to us with four cents in stamps to help pay the cost of mailing expenses for the fine prize we will send you for solving the puzzle. Be sure to inclose your name and address. We will also give you 2,000 free votes toward winning the auto. There are no losers in this contest. You get prizes for everything you do. You can win this auto if you are quick.

**W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Auto Contest Puzzle Dept. 16, 500 North Dearborn St., CHICAGO**

the fever that's bound to come with the rains, I, for one, would just as leave stick to this camp right along, providing the company don't change."

She turned upon him with flashing eyes, all thought of caution lost in her anger. "How dare you say such a thing? You are contemptible! I despise you!"

"My, Miss Jenny, but you are pretty when you get mad!" he exclaimed.

The answer took her completely aback. He was neither angry nor laughing at her, but met her defiant glance with candid, sober admiration. There was something more than admiration in his glowing eyes; yet she could not but see that her alarm had been baseless. His manner had never been more respectful. Suddenly she found that she could no longer meet his gaze. She looked away and stammered lamely, "You—you shouldn't say such things, you know."

"Why not? Hasn't everything been running smooth the last few days? Haven't we been good chummy comrades? Of course you've got the worst of the deal. I know I'm not much on fancy talk; but I like to hear it when I've a chance. I've led a lonesome sort of life since they did for my sisters—No; I'm not going to rake that up again. I'm only trying to give you an idea what it means to a fellow to be with a lady like you. Maybe it isn't polite to tell you all this, but it's just what I feel, and I never did amount to shucks as a liar."

"I believe I understand you, Mr. Blake, and I really feel highly complimented."

"No, you don't, any such thing, Miss Jenny. Own up, now! If I met you tomorrow on your papa's doorstep, you'd cut me cold."

"I should if you continued to be so rude. Have you no regard for my feelings? But here we are, talking nonsense when we should be going——"

"Is it nonsense?" he broke in. "What does life mean, anyway? Here we can be true friends and comrades—real, free living people. It can't be that you want to go back to all those society shams, after you've seen real life! As for me, what have I to gain by going back to the everlasting grind? I don't mind work; but when a man has nothing ahead to work for but a bank account, when it's grind, grind, grind till your head goes stale and all the world looks black, then there's no choice but throw up your job and go on a drunk, if you want to keep from a gun accident. Maybe you don't understand it. But that's what I've had to go thru, time and again. Do you wonder I like to fancy an everlasting picnic here, with a little partner who wouldn't let me come within shouting distance of her in the land of lavender—trousers and peek-a-boos?"

"Mr. Blake, really you are most unjust! I could not be so—so ungrateful, after all your kindness. I—we should certainly be glad to number you among our friends."

"Drink and all, eh?"

"A man of your will power has no need whatever to give way to such a habit."

"Course not, if he's got anything in sight worth while. Guess, tho, my folks must have been poor white trash. I never could go after money just for the fun of the game. No family, no friends, no—what-you-call-it?—culture—What's the use? I have a fair head for figures; but all the mathematics that I know I've had to catch hot off the bat. It's true I grubbed my C. E. out of a correspondence school; but a fellow has to have an all-round, crack-up education to put him where it's worth while."

"You still have time to work up. You are not much over thirty."

"Twenty-seven."

"Twenty-seven! I should have thought— What a hard life you must have had!"

"Hard work? Well, I suppose Panama did do for me some. But it wasn't so much that. Few fellows could hit up the pace I've set and come out at all."

"I do not understand."

"Just what you might expect of a fellow in my fix—all kinds of gamble and drink and—the rest of it."

Miss Leslie looked away, visibly distressed. She had not been reared after the French method. Young as she was, she had fluttered at will about the borders of the garden of vice, knowing well that the gaudy blossoms were lures to entice one into the pitfall. Yet never before had she caught so clear a glimpse of the slimy depths.

"That's it!" growled Blake. "Throw me down cold, just because I'm square enough to tell you straight out. You make me tired! I'm not one of the work-ox sort, that can chew the cud all the year round, and cork the blood out of their brains. I've got to cut loose from the infernal grind once in a while, and, barring a chance now and then at opera, there's never been anything but a spree——"

"Oh, but that's so dreadfully shocking, Mr. Blake!"

"And then like all the other little hypocrites, you'll go and marry one of those swell dudes who's made that sort of thing his business, and everybody knows it, but it's all politely understood to 've been done sub rosa, so it's all right, because he knows how to part his name in the middle and——"

"Please, please stop, Mr. Blake! You don't know how cruel you are!"

"Cruel? Suppose I told you about the millionaire cur that—— Oh, now, don't go and cry! Please don't cry, Miss Jenny! I wouldn't hurt your feelings for the world! I didn't mean anything out of the way, really I didn't! It's only that when I get to thinking of—of things, it sets me half crazy. And now, can't you see how it's going to be ten times worse for me after—with you so altogether beyond me——" He stopped short, flushed, and stammered lamely, "I—I didn't mean to say that!"

"Please let us talk of something else," she murmured. "It has been such a pleasant morning, until you—until we began this silly discussion."

"All right, all right! Only mop up the dewdrops and we'll turn on the sun machine. I really didn't mean to rip out that way at all. But, you see, the thing's been rankling in me ever since we came aboard ship at the Cape, and Winthrope and Lady Bayrose had my seat changed so I couldn't see you—— Not that I hold anything against them now——"

"Mr. Blake, I suppose you know that this African coast is particularly dangerous for women. So far I have escaped the fever. But you yourself said that the longer the attack is delayed the worse it will be."

Blake's face darkened and he turned to stare inland at the ridge. She had flicked him on the raw and he thought that she had done so intentionally.

"You think I haven't tried—that I've been shamming!" he burst out bitterly. "You're right. There's the one chance—— But I couldn't leave you till the barricade was finished, and it's been only a few days since—— All the same, I oughtn't to 've waited a day. I'll start it tomorrow."

"What? Start what?"

"A catamaran. I can rig one up in short order that, with a skin sail and an outrigger, will do fairly well to coast along inside the reefs—barring squalls. Worst thing is that it's all a guess whether the nearest settlement is up the coast or down."

"And you can think of going and leaving me all alone here!"

"That's better than letting you risk two-to-one chances on feeding the sharks."

"But you'd be risking it!"

Blake uttered a short, harsh laugh.

"What's the difference?" he paused a moment, then added, with grim humor: "Anyway, they'll have earned a meal by the time they get me chewed up."

"You shan't go!"

"Oh, I don't know. We'll see about it tomorrow. There's a grove of cocoanuts yonder. Come on and I'll get some nuts. I can't see any water around here, and it would be dry eating with only the flask."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### A LION LEADS THEM.

THE palm grove stood under the lee of the ridge, on a stretch of bare ground. Other than seaward, the open space was hemmed in by grass jungle, interspersed with clumps of thorn-brush. On the north side a jutting corner of the tall, yellow spear-grass curved out and around, with the point of the hook some fifty yards from the palms. Elsewhere the distance to the jungle was nearly twice as far.

Blake dropped the bag and his weapons, flung down his hat, and started up a palm shaft. The down-pointing bristles of his skin trousers aided his grip. Tho the lofty crown of the palm was swaying in the wind, he reached the top and was down again before Miss Leslie had arranged the contents of the lunch bag.

"Guess you're not extra hungry," he remarked.

She made no response.

"Mad, eh? Well, toss me the little knife. Mine has too good a meat-edge to spoil on these husks."

"It was very kind of you to climb for the nuts, and the wind blowing so hard up there," she said, as she handed over the penknife. "I am not angry. It is only that I feel tired and depressed. I hope I am not going to be——"

"No; you're not going to have the fever, or any such thing! You're played out, that's all. I'm a fool for bringing you so far. You'll be all right after you eat and rest. Here; drink this cocoa milk."

She drained the nut, and upon his insistence, made a pretense at eating. He was deceived until, with the satisfying of his first keen hunger, he again became observant.

"Say, that won't do!" he exclaimed. "Look at your bowl. You haven't nibbled enough to keep a mouse alive."

"Really, I am not hungry. But I am resting."

"Try another nut. I'll have one ready in two shakes."

He caught his hat, which was dragging past in a downward eddy of the wind, and weighted it with a cocoanut. He wedged another nut between his knees, and bent over it, tearing at the husk. It took him only a few moments to strip the fiber from the end and gouge open the germ hole. He held out the nut, and glanced up to meet her smile of acceptance.

She was staring past him, her eyes wide with terror, and the color fast receding from her face.

"What in—— Another snake?" he demanded, twisting warily about to glare at the ground behind him.

"There—over in the grass!" she whispered. "It looked out at me with terrible, savage eyes!"

"Snake—that far off?"

"No, no—a monster—a huge, fierce beast!"

"Beast?" echoed Blake, grasping his bow and arrows. "Where is he? Maybe only one of these African buffaloes. How'd he look?—horns?"

"I—I didn't see any. It was all shaggy, and yellow like the grass, and terrible eyes—Oh!"

The girl's scream was met by a ferocious, snarling roar, so deep and prolonged that the air quivered and the very ground seemed to shake.

"God!—a lion!" cried Blake, the hair on his bare head bristling like a startled animal's.

He turned squarely about toward the ridge, his bow half drawn. Had the lion shown himself then, Blake would have shot on the instant. As it was, the beast remained behind the screening border of grass, where he could watch his intended quarry without being seen in turn. The delay gave Blake time for reflection. He spoke sharply, as it were biting off his words: "Hit out. I'll stop the bluffer."

"I can't. Oh, I'm afraid!"

Again the hidden beast gave voice to his mighty rumbling challenge. Still he did not appear, and Blake attempted a derisive jeer: "Hey, there, louder! We've not run yet! It's all right, little woman. The skulking sneak is trying to bluff us. 'Fraid to come out if we don't stampede. He'll make off when he finds we don't scare. Lions never tackle men in the daytime. Just keep cool a while. He'll——"

"Look!—there to the right!—I saw him again! He's creeping around! See the grass move!"

"That's only the wind. It eddies down—God! he is stalking around. Trying to take us from behind—curse him! He may get me, but I'll get him, too—the dirty sneak!"

The blood had flowed back into Blake's face, and showed on each cheek in a little red patch. His broad chest rose and fell slowly to deep respirations; his eyes glowed like balls of white-hot steel. He drew his bow a little tauter, and wheeled slowly to keep the arrow pointed at the slight wave in the grass which marked the stealthy movements of the lion. Miss Leslie, more terrified with every added moment of suspense, cringed around, that she might keep him between her and the hidden beast.

Minute after minute dragged by. Only a man of Blake's obstinate, sullen temperament could have withstood the strain and kept cool. Even he found the impulse to leap up and run all but irresistible. Miss Leslie crouched behind him, no more able to run than a mouse with which a cat has been playing.

Once they caught a glimpse of the sinuous, tawny form gliding among the leafless stems of a thorn clump. Blake took quick aim; but the outlines of the beast were indistinct and the range long. He hesitated, and the opportunity was lost.

Yard by yard they watched the slight swaying of the grass tops which betrayed the cautious advance of the grim stalker. The beast did not roar again. Having failed to flush his game, he was seeking to catch them off their guard, or perhaps was warily taking stock of the strange creatures, whose like he had never seen.

Now and then there was a pause, and the grass tops swayed only to the downpuffs of the heightening gale. At such moments the two grew rigid, watching and waiting in breathless suspense. They could see, as distinctly as tho there had been no screening grass, the baleful eyes of the huge cat and the shaggy forebody as the beast stood still and glared out at them.

Then the sinuous wave would start on again around the grass border, and Blake would draw in a deep breath and mutter a word of encouragement to the girl: "Look, now—the dirty sneak! Trying to give us the creeps, is he? I'll creeps him! 'Fraid to show his pretty mug!"

Not until the beast had circled half around the glade did his purpose flash upon Blake. With the wariness of all savage hunters, the animal had marked out the spur of jungle on the north side, where he could creep closer to his quarry before leaping from cover.

"The d—d sneak!" growled Blake. "You there, Jenny?"

She could not speak, but he heard her gasp.

"Brace up, little woman! Where's your grit? You're out of this deal, anyway. He'll choke to death swallowing me—— But say; couldn't you manage to shin up a palm, twenty feet or so, and hang on for a couple of minutes?"

"I—can't move—I am——"

"Make a try! It'll give me a run for my money. I'll take the next elevator after you. That'll bring the bluffer out on the hot-foot. I slip a surprise between his ribs, and we view the scenery while he's passing in his checks. Come; make a spurt! He's around the turn, and getting nearer every step."

"I can't—Tom—there is no need that both of us—— You climb up——"

He turned about as the meaning of her whisper dawned upon him. Her eyes were shining with the ecstasy of self-sacrifice. It was only the glance of an instant; then he was again facing the jungle.

"God! You think I'd do that!"

She made no reply. There was a pause. Blake—crouched on one knee, tense and alert—waited until the sinister wave was advancing into the point of the incurved jungle. Then he spoke, in a low, even tone: "Feel if my glass is there."

Her hand reached around and pressed against the fob pocket which he had sewn in the belt of his skin trousers.

"Right. Now slip my club up under my elbow—big end. Lick on the nose'll stop a dog or a bull. It's a chance."

She thrust the club under his right elbow, and he gripped it against his side.

At that moment the lion bounded from cover, with a roar like a clap of thunder. Blake sprang erect. The beast checked himself in the act of leaping, and crouched with his great paws outstretched, every hooked claw thrust out, ready to tear and mangle. In two or three bounds he could have leaped upon Blake and crushed him with a single stroke of his paw. As he rose to repeat his deafening roar, it seemed to Blake that he stood higher than a horse—that his mouth gaped wide as the end of a hogshead. And yet the beast stood hesitating, restrained by brute dread of the unknown. Never before had any animal that he had hunted reared up to meet his attack in this strange manner.

"Lie flat!" commanded Blake; "lie flat, and don't move! I'm going to call his bluff. Keep still till the poison gets in its work. I'll keep him busy long as I can. When it's over, hit out for home along the beach. Keep inside the barricade, and watch all you can from the cliffs. Might light a fire up there nights. There's sure to be a steamer before long——"

"Tom!" she cried, struggling to her knees—"Tom!"

But he did not pause or look around. He was beginning to circle slowly to the left across the open ground, in a spiral curve that would bring him to the edge of the jungle within thirty yards of the lion. There was red now showing in his eyes. His hair was bristling, no longer with fear, but with sheer brute fury; his lips were drawn back from the clinched teeth; his nostrils distended and quivering; his forehead wrinkled like that of an angry mastiff. His look was more ferocious than that of the snarling beast he faced. All the pri-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meval in him was roused. He was become a man of the Cave Age. He went to meet death, his mind and body aflame with fierce lust to kill.

The lion stilled his roars, and crouched as if to spring, snarling and grinning with rage and uncertainty. His eyes, unaccustomed to the glare of the mid-day sun, blinked incessantly, tho he followed the man's every movement, his snarls deepening into growls at the slightest change of attitude.

In his blind animal rage, Blake had forgotten that the purpose of his lateral advance was to place as great a distance as possible between him and the girl before the clash. Yet instinct kept him moving along his spiral course, on the chance that he might catch his foe off his guard.

Suddenly the lion half rose and stretched forward, sniffing. There was an uneasy whining note in his growls. Blake let the club slip from beneath his arm, and drew his bow until the arrow-head lay upon his thumb. His outstretched arm was rigid as a bar of steel. So tense and alert were all his nerves that he knew he could drive home both arrows, and still have time to swing his club before the beast was upon him.

A puff of wind struck against his back, and swept on to the nostrils of the lion, laden with the odor of man. The beast uttered a short, startled roar, and whirling about, leaped away into the jungle so quickly that Blake's arrow flashed past a full yard behind.

The second arrow was on the string before the first had struck the ground. But the lion had vanished in the grass. With a yell, Blake dashed on across to the nearest point of the jungle. As he ran, he drew the burning-glass from his fob, and flipped it open, ready for use. If the lion had turned behind the sheltering grass stems, he was too cowardly to charge out again. Within a minute the jungle border was a wall of roaring flame.

The grass, long since dead, and bone-dry with the days of tropical sunshine since the cyclone, flared up before the wind like gunpowder. Even against the wind the fire ate its way along the ground with fearful rapidity, trailing behind it an upwhirling vortex of smoke and flame. No living creature could have burst thru that belt of fire.

A wave of fierce heat sent Blake staggering back, scorched and blistered. There was no exultance in his bearing. For the moment all thought of the lion was swallowed up in awe of his own work. He stared at the hell of leaping, roaring flames from beneath his upraised arm. To the north sparks and lighted wisps of grass driven by the gale had already fired the jungle half way to the farther ridge.

Step by step Blake drew back. His heel struck against something soft. He looked down, and saw Miss Leslie lying on the sand, white and still. She had fainted, overcome by fear or by the unendurable heat. The heat must have stupefied him as well. He stared at her, dull-eyed, wondering if she was dead. His brain cleared. He sprang over to where the flask lay beside the remnants of the lunch.

He was dashing the last drops of the tepid water in her face, when she moaned, and her eyelids began to flutter. He flung down the flask, and fell to chafing her wrist.

"Tom!" she moaned.

"Yes, Miss Jenny, I'm here. It's all right," he answered.

"Have I had a sunstroke? Is that why is seems so— I can hardly breathe——"

"It's all right, I tell you. Only a little bonfire I touched off. Guess you must have fainted, but it's all right now."

"It was silly of me to faint. But when I saw that dreadful thing leap——" She faltered, and lay shuddering. Fearful that she was about to swoon again, Blake slapped her hand between his palms with stinging force.

"You're it!" he shouted. "The joke's on you! Kitty jumped just the other way, and he won't come back in a hurry with that fire to head him off. Jump up now, and we'll do a jig on the strength of it."

She attempted a smile, and a trace of color showed in her cheeks. With an idea that action would further her recovery, he drew her to a sitting position, stepped quickly behind, and, with his hands beneath her elbows, lifted her upright. But she was still too weak and giddy to stand alone. As he released his grip, she swayed and would have fallen had he not caught her arm.

"Steady!" he admonished. "Brace up; you're all right."

"I'm—I'm just a little dizzy, she murmured, clinging to his shoulder. "It will pass in a minute. It's so silly, but I'm that way—Tom, I—I think you are the bravest man——"

"Yes, yes—but that's not the point. Leave go now, like a sensible girl. It's about time to hit the trail."

He drew himself free, and without a glance at her blushing face, began to gather up their scattered outfit. His hat lay where he had weighted it down with the cocoanut. He tossed the nut into the skin bag, and jammed the hat on his head, pulling the brim far down over his eyes. When he had fetched his club, he walked back past the girl, with eyes averted.

"Come on," he muttered.

The scarlet in the girl's cheeks swept over her whole face in a burning wave, which ebbed slowly and left her colorless. Blake had started off without a backward glance. She gazed about with a bewildered look at the palms and the barren ridge and the fiery tidal wave of flame. Her gaze came back to Blake, and she followed him.

Within a short distance she found herself out of the sheltering lee of the ridge. The first wind-gust almost overthrew her. She could never have walked against such a gale; but with the wind at her back she was buoyed up and borne along as tho on wings. Her sole effort was to keep her foothold. Had it been their morning trip, she could have cried out with joy and skipped along before the gusts like a schoolgirl. Now she walked as soberly as the wind would permit, and took care not to lessen the distance between herself and Blake.

Mile by mile they hastened back across the plain—on their right the blue sea of water, with its white-caps and spray; on their left the yellow sea of fire, with its dun fog of smoke.

Once only had Blake looked back to see if the girl was following. After that he swung along, with down-bent head, his gaze upon the ground. Even when he passed in under the grove and around the pool to the foot of the cleft, he began the ascent without waiting to assist her up the break in the path. The girl came after, her lips firm, her eyes bright and expectant. She drew herself up the ledge as tho she had been bred to mountain climbing.

Inside the barricade Blake was waiting to close the opening. She crept thru, and rose to catch him by the sleeve.

"Tom, look at me," she said. "Once I was most unjust to you in my thoughts. I wronged you. Now I must tell you that I think you are the bravest—the noblest man——"

"Get away!" he exclaimed, and he shook off her hand roughly. "Don't be a fool! You don't know what you're talking about."

"But I do, Tom. I believe that you are——"

"I'm a blackguard—do you hear?"

"No blackguard is brave. The way you faced that terrible beast——"

"Yes, blackguard—to've gone and shown to you that I—to've let you say a single word——Can't you see? Even if I'm not what you call a gentleman, I thought I knew how any man ought to treat a woman—but to go and let you know, before we'd got back among people!"

"But—but, Tom, why not, if we——"

"No!" he retorted harshly. "I'm going now to pile up wood on the cliff for a beacon fire. In the morning I'll start making that catamaran——"

"No, you shall not——You shall not go off, and leave me, and—and risk your life! I can't bear to think of it! Stay with me, Tom—dear! Even if a ship never came——"

He turned resolutely, so as not to see her blushing face.

"Come now, Miss Leslie," he said in a dry, even tone; "don't make it so awfully hard. Let's be sensible, and shake hands on it, like two real comrades——"

She struck frantically at his outstretched hand

"Keep away—I hate you!" she cried.

Before he could speak, she was running up the cleft.

## AFTERWARD

*Dear eyes, twin limpid glories,*
*Dear tender, honest eyes,*
*That told such wondrous stories—*
*And most of them were lies.*

*Dear lips, that promised blisses.*
*That used to pout and quiz,*
*Lips made for love and kisses,*
*That kissed my lips—and his.*

*Dear voice, like summer weather,*
*That spoke of love and youth*
*And spring, and years together—*
*And never spoke the truth.*

*Dear heart, so close to my heart,*
*That answered to its call,*
*That made of love a high art—*
*And never loved at all.*
*Dear mem'ries, ash and ember,*
*Dear things that pain and grieve,*
*And yet I still remember,*
*And—sometimes still believe.*

—CHANNING POLLOCK.

### CHAPTER XXV.

### IN DOUBLE SALVATION.

WHEN, an hour or more after dawn the next morning, the girl slowly drew open her door and came out of the cave, Blake was nowhere in sight. She sighed, vastly relieved, and hastened across to bathe her flushed face in the spring. Stopping every few moments to listen for his step down the cleft, she gathered up a hamper of food and fled to the tree-ladder.

As she drew herself up on the cliff, she noticed a thin column of smoke rising from the last smouldering brands of a beacon fire that had been built in the midst of the bird colony, on the extreme outer edge of the headland. She did not, however, observe that, while the smoke column streamed up from the fire directly skyward, beyond it there was a much larger volume of smoke, which seemed to have eddied down the cliff face and was now rolling up into view from out over the sea. She gave no heed to this, for the sight of the beacon had instantly alarmed her with the possibility that Blake was still on the headland, and would imagine that she was seeking him.

She paused, her cheeks aflame. But the only sign of Blake that she could see was the fire itself. She reflected that he might very well have left before dawn. As likely as not, he had descended at the north end of the cleft, and had gone off to the river to start his catamaran. At the thought all the color ebbed from her cheeks and left her white and trembling. Again she stood hesitating. With a sigh she started on toward the signal staff.

She was close upon the border of the bird colony, when Blake sat up from behind a ledge, and she found herself staring into his blinking eyes.

"Hello!" he mumbled drowsily. He sprang up, wide awake, and flushing with the guilty consciousness of what he had done. "Look at the sun—way up! Didn't mean to oversleep, Miss Leslie. You see I was up pretty late, tending the beacon. But of course that's no excuse——"

"Don't!" she exclaimed. There were tears in her eyes; yet she smiled as she spoke. "I know what you mean by 'pretty late.' You've been up all night."

"No, I haven't. Not all night——"

"To be sure! I quite understand, Mr. Thomas Blake! . . . Now, sit down, and eat this luncheon."

"Can't. Haven't time. I've got to get to the river and set to work. I'll get some jerked beef and eat it on the way. You see——"

"Tom!" she protested.

"It's for you," he rejoined, and his lips closed together resolutely.

He was stepping past her, when over the seaward edge of the cliff there came a sound like the yell of a raging sea-monster.

"Siren!" shouted Blake, whirling about.

The cloud of smoke beyond the cliff end was now rolling up more to the left. He dashed away towards the north edge of the cliff as tho he intended to leap off into space. The girl ran after him as fast as she could over the loose stones. Before she had covered half the distance she saw him halt on the very brink of the cliff, and begin to wave and shout like a madman. A few steps farther on she caught sight of the steamer. It was lying close in, only a little way off the north point of the headland.

Even as she saw the vessel, its siren responded to Blake's wild gestures with a series of joyous screams. There could be no mistake. He had been seen. Already they were letting go anchor, and there was a little crowd of men gathering about one of the boats. Blake turned and started on a run for the cliff. But Miss Leslie darted before him, compelling him to halt.

"Wait!" she cried, her eyes sparkling with happy tears. "Tom, it's come now. You needn't——"

"Let me by! I'm going to meet them. I want to——"

But she put her hands upon his shoulders.

"Tom!" she whispered, "let it be now, before any one—anything can possibly come between us! Let it be a part of our life here—here, where I've learned how brave and true a real man can be!"

"And then have him prove himself a sneak!" he cried. "No; I won't, Jenny! I've got you to think of. Wait till I've seen your father. Ten to one, he'll not hear of it—he'll cut you off without a cent. Not but what I'd be glad myself; but you're used to luxuries, girlie, and I'm a poor man. I can't give them to you——"

She laid a hand on his mouth, and smiled up at him in tender mockery.

"Come, now, Mr. Blake; you're not very complimentary. After surviving my cooking all these weeks, don't you think I might do, at a pinch, for a poor man's wife?"

"No, Jenny!" he protested, trying to

(Continued on Page 25.)

**My Offer of April 13th in Boyce's Weeklies**

## Brings So Much Joy

In the April 13th issue of Boyce's Weeklies I made the following offer: that I would give Catarrh Treatments absolutely free of charge to be distributed among the readers of Boyce's Weeklies. That offer has been received with so much satisfaction, so many grateful letters have come to me from it, that my heart is filled with joy.

Therefore, I have decided to repeat the offer and am making this announcement. *I will give away, absolutely free of charge, 250 more Catarrh treatments.* My method of treatment I believe to be one of the best that was ever formulated for Catarrh and allied ailments. The method has cured hundreds of suffering ones, after everything else has failed. Now, Reader, this is your chance. *ALL YOU* have got to do is to write for this treatment and see it for yourself.

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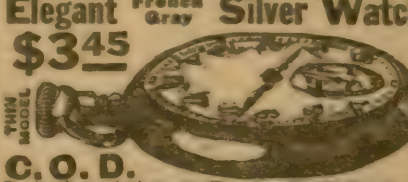


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*The Story of a Clever Crook, Detectives and a Victim of Fate*

# THE SUBSTITUTE

By Louis Guerard

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OFTEN I had lamented the fact that Romance always shied away from me as if I were a frightful beast, and until the adventure here related took place my life had been as prosaic as that of the greasy Oriental on the corner who is content to run down a colorless living selling his hot dogs at five cents per.

The day's work was nearly done. I was sitting at my desk wooing Romance thru the medium of a yellowish bunch of old letters tied up in baby blue ribbons and I had just been able to thrust them into a drawer in the nick of time to face my caller. Naturally, I was confused. It is no little jar to be jerked unceremoniously from the land of pleasant dreams into the domain of cold reality.

I looked up. There stood my stolid patient. It did not occur to me then that here might be a real Arabian knight riding full tilt into my world, sadly free from the taint of romanticism.

The man, a big, double-jointed fellow with keen black eyes and a perpetual frown, wanted me to prescribe for a slight malady. Hurriedly I mixed some powders for him.

"Take these at nine o'clock and then try to get a good night's sleep," I advised him in my most professional manner. "I'll guarantee you'll be all to the good in the morning."

The man kept his eyes glued on me in a way that I did not like, but I attributed it to a lack of manners and concealed any displeasure I felt under the cover of a forced grin. Still, it confused me.

"Take 'em as directed," I repeated. "You'll be as chipper as a jaybird in the mornin'."

The fellow stuck his powders in his vest pocket and shuffled out of the office, satisfied. Once or twice it occurred to me that I might have got the stuff mixed, but, as I had never been guilty of making a mistake of that kind—at least not to my knowledge—I dismissed the incident from my mind and thought no more of it. At any rate, he was beyond recall. It was a waste of mental energy to worry about it.

Tired and fagged out after a hard day's work, I sat down for a restful breathing spell before leaving the office. As the surgeon of the largest railroad line that runs thru my city I am frequently kept very busy. During the earlier part of the day I had been under heavy strain at the hospital trying desperately to assemble the fragments of a gentleman who had committed the fatal error of contesting the right of way with a yard engine. The entire afternoon I had spent in my office, receiving a dribble of patients who fancied that they were ill and giving out a varied line of remedies from pink pills to liquid varnish for relieving pain that existed mainly in the imaginary region at the base of the medulla oblongata.

A newsy came down the corridor screeching an extra. I bought a copy. Besides the usual rehash of war stuff, there was nothing in it especially interesting except the rather slighted announcement that Uncle Sam's court of last resort had decided adversely the appeal of Ruskin Ammons and that it meant a return of this notorious fugitive to another State to be used as a witness in the celebrated case of the Government against Belton Skaggs. Celebrated, I say, because for a time it edged every other piece of news from first place, front page, but now that the public had tired of the case the announcement of the court decision had lost its vital importance as news.

The case of Ruskin Ammons had, indeed, attracted national attention. For a long time the district attorney in an eastern city had been hot on the trail of Skaggs, a crook of great wealth, who was known to be violating the law of the land, but the task of marshaling competent evidence against him had proven a baffling problem.

The secret service men, however, had at last worked up a strong case and the testimony of Ammons was absolutely necessary to convict the guilty party. Skaggs, the man higher up, got wind of the affair, and before Ammons could be arrested he was smuggled out of the State and down South to a place of hiding. At the first opportunity he was to be smuggled to some country under the shadow of the Southern Cross, where extradition was nothing but an iridescent dream.

If Ammons, by hook or crook, could be kept out of the law's clutches, Skaggs could be kept out of the pen. That was the case exactly. It was simple and easy enough—if it worked. But a detective of uncommon acumen and watchfulness had picked up the trail while it was hot and promptly arrested the fugitive at a Southern port as he was in the act of taking passage for a foreign destination.

Then began a struggle probably unparalleled in the criminal history of the country. With the ready millions at his command, Skaggs fought [illegible] at every turn. Time after time writs of habeas corpus proceedings were employed to get the prisoner out of the custody of the law and restore him to freedom. It was an apparently interminable game of legal seesaw, with a "now-you-have-him" and a "now-you-lose-him" shifting of scenes in rapid succession.

All the while Ammons was held under the closest surveillance by the trusted few in the district attorney's confidence and employ, especially when out on bail, for otherwise he would have eluded the officers and effected his escape, the forfeiture of bond being a trivial matter to a malefactor of great wealth when weighed against the certainty of a term in prison.

And now, after two arduous years, the final battle had been staged by Skaggs; he met defeat. Ammons was out on a bond of thirty thousand dollars pending the court's decision and was known to be staying at a resort on the Santee, back some hundred miles from the Carolina coast. It remained only for the fugitive

**And With That the Outraged Man Landed the 'Doctor' an Upper-cut Under the Chin."**

to be taken into custody and carried back to his State for the trial of his principal, and at a word from those in authority the secret service men were ready to pounce on their prey and spirit him North to the safety of prison walls.

"I'm glad this outrageous affair is at an end," I said aloud. I could not help commenting. I was glad of it because the State had been given some unsavory advertising by having the dirty linen of another State dumped into it for wash day.

I felt a sort of personal pride in the achievement of the Government officials, from the district attorney's office down to the greenest cornfield "deteckative" engaged in the pursuit, and in my enthusiasm I praised them all for bringing so sordid a case to a successful end.

It was ten minutes to eight when I pulled down the leaf of my desk and slipped into my street coat. I remember the time to the second, for I had just consulted my watch to see if I would be too late to meet a party of friends at the club. The heat waves no longer danced and shimmered like a legion of pricking demons, and as the first signs of darkness came on a light breeze from the south arose, soothing and soft and flavored with a distinct odor of pines. The burdens of the day slipped from my shoulders in the face of the pleasant recreation and the wholesome change of mental diet awaiting me with my friends.

There came a gentle tap-tap at the door even as I was reaching my hand for the knob. I cursed my luck. The door opened. I stood face to face with a young woman, girlish in feature, neatly dressed, and ostensibly in great distress.

"My father is desperately ill," she said, breathing heavily. "I'm afraid—he's—dying." Her lips quivered pitifully. Instantly my heart went out to her in a flood of sympathy. "Can't you come—just for a little while?" she added. "We'll get you back—quick as we can." She looked into my face appealingly. Her manner would have melted the heart of a submarine captain.

"Come? Certainly, certainly! I'm at your service, Miss—er——"

"Miss Larner," she informed me without the slightest hesitation. "My father is a newcomer—connected with the phosphate works."

As we descended in the elevator I had an opportunity to get a better view of the girl. She was hardly more than twenty, tho the expression of suffering in her face made her look much older. It was a sweet face, too, refined and marked by lines of character, and there was a frankness and a steadiness in her baby blue eyes that compelled instant friendship.

"My car is at the garage," I explained. "I'll 'phone for it, and it'll be here in a couple of minutes."

"Oh, never mind about your car," she answered sweetly. "We have ours at the curb ready and waiting. Come, we have no time to lose!"

Suspicion is the last ogre that ever [illegible] mind. I am gullible, I know, and my friends often play practical jokes on me. They like it, and it doesn't hurt me particularly. But what sane man could have sensed trouble in a situation such as I have described? There was nothing out of the ordinary about it to excite distrust.

Miss Larner beckoned me to get into the back seat of the tonneau. I did as I was told, tho I felt a speaking desire to share her seat. That there was another passenger I did not discover until the machine was well under way.

My companion, a big brawny fellow, with an evil eye and heavy under jaw, did not appear at all communicative. I judged that he was a brother of the ill man and in his worry and distress did not feel like indulging in a conversation. I respected his feelings and did not try to provoke him to friendliness.

But after we had ridden for perhaps half an hour my curiosity got the better of me. Suspicion forced an entrance into my guileless mind. The girl's father could not be in the city, for here we were clipping it at a lively rate [illegible] down the Santee drive into the dismal stretch of sandhills.

Reaching out a timid hand I touched the girl on the shoulder. "I—I must have misunderstood you," I began. "I——"

The big man at my side jerked me back into position. His contemptuous laugh sent a shiver of cold fear racing up and down my spine.

Possibly I displayed some resentment, as the next thing that gripped my attention was a barrel of ominous blue poking its ugly nose into my face. My hands dropped listlessly into my lap.

"All you've got to do is to be a good fellow and do strictly as you're told," said the man, breaking his silence. "You're my prisoner. If you mind your p's and q's to the letter, well and good. You'll be safe, and not a hair of your head'll be touched. If you start any monkey business—even to the scratchin' of a foot or the clearin' of your throat—you'll have to tell it to St. Peter!"

"W-what's the g-game?" I inquired, trying hard to be calm.

My strange companion did not venture to tell me what his game was, but he proceeded at once to give me minute instructions as to my duties.

"When we reach Palmetto Lodge you must appear to be sufferin' from inflammatory rheumatism. You will lean on my arm for support. I'll take you into the lodge and 'phone for some-er—friends. . . . They'll come after you—to take you away. . . . It'll take an hour at least to pack up your things. . . . I'll see to the packin' and all that. . . . You must simply obey me without a word, or I'll——"

The thing seemed so farcical and unreal that I could not help breaking into involuntary laughter. "Say, I've had enough practical jokes played on me to last for the season," I protested. "There's no dying man to visit. That's all a fake. You're kiddin' me—both of you. It's a smooth trick you're putting over on me." I could see the girl's shoulders shaking in enjoyment of my predicament.

The man turned and looked me squarely in the eye. "Don't get any nonsense of this kind into your bean, son," he warned savagely. "It's no joke—it's serious business. We're simply usin' you to pull out the chestnuts, and you won't be harmed if you play straight. I've put you on notice what to expect if you do not." He similarized his threat to the tune of a sulphuric oath.

Again I was plunged into the depths of distress. The joke theory immediately vanished, for there was in this man's manner and speech a desperate note which rang as genuine, and discreetly I made up my mind to leave myself as clay to be molded to suit his own sweet will. What his game was would appear soon enough, and I could decide what course to pursue after the situation developed more clearly.

As we were passing thru a dense body of pines, the moonless night as blackly consistent as pitch, the car slowed down and ran along at an easy speed. The big fellow drew from under the seat a suit of clothes, a loud pattern of plaid, and compelled me to put it on. My modest black four-in-hand gave place to a gorgeous thing in crimson. I felt ashamed of myself even in the dark. Then, as if to add insult to injury, he touched off my features with rouge or some such stuff, skillfully as an artist.

While this mortifying performance was going on the girl kept turning her head tantalizingly, and every instant I expected her to wheel around and stare at me. This beauty dressing stunt completed, the man gathered up my dark serge, without so much as permitting me to remove a thing from my pockets, and tossed it unceremoniously into the empty seat by the side of the car driver.

On the wide veranda of the lodge numerous electric bulbs of high candle power lit up the front of the building like the noonday sun, and there I was dragged thru this screaming light on the arm of the big fellow. We were ascending the steps when a smaller

car glided noiselessly by and slowed up at a cottage farther down the street. I realized then that we had been shadowed, a circumstance that served to increase my alarm.

Inside the lights were dim and low. The furnishings were of an almost Oriental gaudiness. The big man hustled me into a room as considerately as he knew how and ordered me to occupy a lounge in the corner while he hastened to the telephone.

"Hello!" his bass voice rumbled. "This is McShane. That you, Mr. Waller? Y-yes. I just wanted to say that we're ready to surrender Ammons. Now that we've lost the fight and the jig's all up, we'll agree to waive the formal court order so as to save time and embarrassment to the prisoner. What? Yes, ready when you are."

Instantly the scales dropped from my eyes. Their game was clear enough now. Stupid man that I had been to permit myself to be caught in the trap set by the Ammons-Skaggs gang to be played as a mere pawn in aiding in the prisoner's escape.

They had kidnaped me for the purpose of making a substitution. There was no special resemblance between me and Ammons, tho it was easy enough to throw the officers off the trail long enough to permit the fugitive to make good his get-away.

It was a scheme that required the element of boldness more than anything else. The only danger point in it, as I considered it at the time, was how the secret service men failed to recognize me when I entered the car. But McShane was wiser than I knew, for it afterward developed that he had Waller's shadowers within the range of his eye every minute since leaving the lodge. By a prearranged plan he and the girl simply left the car in which they came standing at the entrance of another office building, entered the front vestibule, quietly slipped out the back way, then entered another car waiting for them and hurried to the building in which I have my office. Very simple, but very effective in allowing them time to get me into their car before the watchful Waller and his men could pick up the trail again.

Waller came out in a lope in response to McShane's message, followed quickly by a retinue of lesser lights. McShane kept a steady nerve. He appeared much distressed. He explained briefly that their last hope was gone with the handing down of the court decision and that, as further resistance was useless and would only serve to embarrass Ammons, it had been considered best to surrender him at once without waiting for a formal court order.

"Very sensible of you, too," indorsed Waller, immensely pleased that his long and rigid vigil had come to a successful end.

"All we ask is a little time to pack our things and get ready," said McShane, resignedly.

"Certainly," assented Waller politely. "We want to catch the north-bound limited at 2:30. There's plenty of time."

Finding that he was not pressed or hurried unduly, McShane changed his tactics somewhat. Sitting down on the lounge by my side, where I lay with my face buried in my hands out of pure shame at being caught in such a mess, he ordered a servant to do the packing. I felt easier. "Ammons has a painful attack of rheumatism," McShane explained, "and it's better for him to lie down and keep perfectly quiet until you're ready to start."

Waller and his boys smoked and chatted and joked as the minutes slipped by, all the time, of course, keeping their eyes glued on me and Big Mac.

Waller pulled out his watch. "Look here, Mac, your nigger is gettin' mighty reckless with his time. It's been forty minutes since he started to packin' Ammons' wardrobe. Ain't that time a-plenty for a millionaire?"

McShane called to the negro servant in an impatient bass. The boy came running into the room, frightened. "I'se ready, boss," he hastened to assure the big fellow even before he was asked.

Urging the necessity of keeping me well wrapped up on account of the rheumatism, which I didn't have except by proxy, McShane concealed me so completely in wraps and overcoat that I might easily have passed as a citizen of Greenland.

As Waller and one of his men took each an arm and began to escort me to the waiting car, McShane, seeing his chance, dropped back into the shadows and started for the tall timber. But in his haste his foot caught in a rug. He was thrown violently to the floor. In a flash the whole covey of secret service men was upon him. In a couple of seconds he was dragged into the room at the point of a very fine persuader.

And then—well, any greenhorn would have predicted it earlier in the proceedings. I did only what I should have done earlier while there was yet time to prevent the escape of Ammons. When I had babbled out my story Waller quietly consulted his watch. I fully expected him to sail in and cuss a deep, blue streak—and, indeed, the circumstances would have warranted it—but he didn't, not a bit of it. Perhaps that's one reason why he has achieved so much success. He had far more important things to do just then.

He went to the telephone rather than waste time in idle talk. He did not become frantic when he failed to get connection with the city. "Wires cut!" he muttered in dismay, hanging up the receiver. I had expected him to slam it down to the accompaniment of a mad war dance, but he didn't. No, sir. "Wires cut," he repeated more quietly. "Of course! But there's one more chance—there's always a chance. Come!"

The men dashed out for the cars. "Every bloomin' tire slashed with a knife!" groaned the baffled chief, tho frankness compels me to admit that this time he used a stronger word than "bloomin'." "But we'll have to make it anyhow." So saying, we bumped along on the rims until we reached the nearest means of telephonic communication with the city.

In the glare of the car's headlight I searched Waller's face for a sign of encouragement. "Any possible hope of getting Ammons now?"

"One in a thousand," he said, shaking his head wretchedly. "It was a brilliant scheme, sure. All brilliant schemes are simple, you know. How beautifully planned!" Waller had the artist's instinct, all right. "McShane brought you in, doctor, just in time for Ammons to slip out after we had withdrawn every lookout, sure that you were our man. The Coast Line Limited passed at 10:18, a few minutes after we came over to the lodge in response to Mac's message. At 11—or at 11:02, to be exact—this train is due at the river junction. Can't you see their game? Ammons dropped off there and was picked up by a boat waiting for him in the river. Or he may have gone on to Charleston. The train has already arrived there. It is a quarter past twelve now." Waller snapped his watch case and thrust it back into his pocket.

"But where was Ammons—how did he get away?" I was still much confused over the puzzle.

"Why, Ammons was in the car when it left the lodge for the city. We knew that. On the way back he was smuggled under the front seat, by the side of the girl. After we went cantering into the lodge to take charge of the prisoner—we saw you enter in that loud plaid the prisoner always wore of late—the lookouts were withdrawn, as I have said. Ammons then slipped out under cover of the darkness, clad in your modest rags, caught the fast train and escaped, masquerading as yourself."

"And the girl?" I gulped. "She must have fooled me—the innocent minx!"

Waller laughed. "An accomplice, you goose. It's an old gag—and yet about the easiest stunt ever pulled to fool innocent babes in wonderland."

I stepped back into the darkness to hide the flush on my face.

"It looks as if we were goin' to lose our man," Waller sighed. "By now he's on the water, and by mornin' he'll be skimmin' the high seas in Skaggs' yacht, The Bluebird."

"But at least McShane fell down on his little scheme," I suggested consolingly, wishing to save some bit of salvage out of the wreck.

"Shucks!" grunted Waller, turning his back on me and walking away in disgust.

For fear that I cannot adequately describe the final chapter in this sensational case, let me introduce Captain Buck Hester, conductor on No. 40, and let the ticket-puncher tell it in his own way.

"When Ammons got on the train and I looked at his pass," explained Buck, "I nodded to him pleasantly, thinkin' it was you. You see, I've been on this line only since January, and I had never met you, doctor. Well, you didn't seem to be in a friendly mood that night, and I'm not a man to push myself on people even when they're employed by the company. I could see that you—that is, Ammons—was in the dumps good and proper, and so I mosied along and left him to enjoy his own society."

Ah, singular that I hadn't thought of the pass, which I always carried handy in my purse. And so Ammons was attempting to escape on the free transportation furnished me by the railroad, and rigged out, too, in my Sunday-go-to-meetin' duds. Easy as falling off a log but for the unfortunate—— But let Captain Buck go on and tell it in his own words.

"Just after we had taken Ammons on at the junction one of my passengers, a big, strappin', double-jointed fellow with a keen black eye and a frown that wouldn't come off, suddenly became very ill. The way he squirmed and twisted and wriggled purty near got my goat. I thought he was gettin' himself in shape for the undertaker, and doin', his level best to hurry the job.

"'Cap, get me a doctor quick—quick!' he gasped, callin' to me.

"'I've just sent into the rear car for one,' I assured him. He thanked me kindly.

"The porter returned in a minute, disappointment showin' in chunks on his yellow countenance. 'Dr. Rivers is sick hisself, boss,' he explained, a shade too defensively. 'He's a sick man, a mighty sick man. I'll go into the next cyar and I'll git you a doctor right now.'

"And that's where I first smelled a rat. I knew that that porter had been tipped generously for a purpose.

"To the sick man I explained the situation. He ripped out some strong English and jumped up—yes, sir, leaped right out of his seat, and him a-sufferin' like blue blazes, too.

"'Well, I'll go right back and see this gent with the cold feet.' There was trouble in his eye.

"In the car behind we found the doctor all cuddled up in his seat, with his face buried in the crook of his left arm. I switched on the light. He turned it off, cross as a cat.

"'Don't do that,' he growled. 'It hurts my eyes.'

"I told him how much the sick man was suffering and reminded him that as a surgeon of the road he would be placed in an embarrassing position if he refused medical attention to a passenger in distress. In my judgment, I told him, it would lay a mighty firm foundation for a good damage suit. At that he dropped his crabbed manner and commanded the patient to sit down.

"After puttin' a few questions to the big fellow, the 'doctor' diagnosed his case as rheumatism of the heart and urged him by all means to go straight back to his berth and remain perfectly quiet until the train reached Charleston. See? That's where Ammons made his second break.

"This angered the big guy, and I could almost hear his black eyes snap. 'You cheap, white-livered quack!' he berated the medical gent. 'You're lyin', and you know it. My heart's as strong as limburger and as sound as a Government bond. The trouble's right here. You big mushy boob, who ever heard of a decent white man havin' rheumatism in his innards?'

"And with that the outraged man landed the 'doctor' an upper-cut under the chin which sent him curlin' up at the ends like a mustard leaf. 'What sort of tarnation beast are you, anyhow?' And he switched on the light.

"Forty-'leven different expressions swept like lightnin' flashes, one chasin' at the heels of another, over the purple face of Ammons.

"The big fellow stood starin' at the shrinkin' man in his seat for what seemed like a quarter of an hour. But I guess it was about a quarter of a minute.

"'Whatever your game is, Ammons, you come mighty nigh gettin' away with it,' he said sorter subdued, puttin' a firm hand on the man's shoulder and displayin' his badge of authority, 'I'm Sam Burley, United States marshal, and I was just runnin' down to see the Federal judge for orders about you. Havin' made your last stand and lost, I thought I'd steal a march on Waller and them fellers and beat 'em to it. I had a little ailin' in my bread basket and stopped up yonder in that piney-woods town to get some dope from a doc. But I've a hunch he handed

(Continued on Page 27.)

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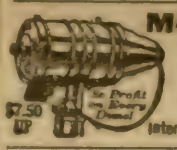

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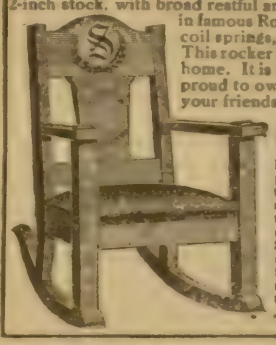

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# What Women Are Doing "Over There"

## As Told by Themselves

*IF, AS the humorists say, a woman's postscript contains the important parts of her letter, then it is because the little everyday things that happen around her seem more interesting than dry facts to record. Postscripts will do for facts.*

*Happily the writers of the letters partly subjoined here follow their natural bent. The women who wrote them are working for the American Army in Y. M. C. A. huts in France. They are impressed, not with how many gallons of hot chocolate they have served or how much fudge they have made for the men, but with the little human things the soldiers said and did. Pictures, not statistics, of what they do and how they live there in France in direct touch with the Army are their concern.*

### Send the Boys Books.

WE LEFT—at the crack of dawn, escorted by a small elevator boy who chattered for us, carried our bags and put us on the proper train. The train was very full of officers and we passed several troop trains hurrying to the front. The French people and soldiers are so plucky and so gentle and so wonderfully polite. We mutilate their beautiful language and they never bat an eye, but patiently try to understand.

Our hut is a huge frame building nearly finished. The first day here we spent putting things to rights. Last night after supper we went to a small camp near and heard Gory Reynolds, a piano shark and singer, entertain the men. It was the first fun these men have had and they could hardly rise to it. They have been working every second. I wish any man who can sing would realize the work to be done here. Music is a big attraction and holds the men for hours.

Tell people to send good magazines and whole newspapers, including the Sunday pictures, even if the pictures are of France. The papers here are so different that one from home is cherished literally for weeks.—B. K.

### A Typical Busy Day.

THIS has been a busy day but typical. We sold busily the first hour, then made curtains and put them up, covered several tables, entertained some visiting officers, got lunch, sewed buttons on a lieutenant's coat, mended a pair of gloves, tied up packages for soldiers to send home, tried to cheer up a man who was very down, and fixed two tables for writing.

At 4 o'clock we began to serve hot bouillon and it was a job, for our stoves

She Wears a Trench Helmet for the Boche Might Decide to Stop the Pie-making for "Our Boys."

haven't come, but we managed it and the men were so grateful. It was salty as fury, but you can believe it was hot.

Excitement ran wild when a major brought us some new magazines. The new ones are cherished on a table by themselves.—C. M.

### They Lick the Spoons.

WE SPENT this afternoon making caramels and fudge for the men. They are wild for it. It would take days and a long kitchen range to feed the 300 boys here. It was really pathetic when we were making the candy the way the boys stood around waiting for the spoons to lick and a chance to scrape the pans. Three of the boys were digging outside the door when I put the pans out to cool, and they said at once, "That looks like home." It makes one ache for them, they miss their homes so much.

When we got here Friday noon we found it a beautiful city. We will be here a few days. A little balcony from our bedroom overlooks a park. There is a lovely fountain that gushes out into a big pool and swans are swimming around.

Yesterday afternoon Mr. A——, whose headquarters are here, took us over to our own camp, several miles away. We got a flat tire, so R——and I said we would walk on. It is a beautiful country road, with arching trees the whole way and mountains in the distance. Little towns with red tiled roofs and walled gardens could also be seen. We walked and walked, with army trucks stopping to have us go with them, but we refused, and walked on till we came in sight of the little town where we shall live. It is a mile and a half from our hut.

The hut is being furnished, and it really is good looking, with sage green rubberoid on the outside. At one end will be our canteen and storeroom. Sliding panels in the middle divide the building into auditorium and recreation rooms. There are two classrooms at the other end. It's a big job to make it look homelike, but it has big windows with a wide view.

Now that we have our uniforms the American soldiers we pass all grin and salute.

I'm glad of the practice here of selling things, for making change in francs and centimes in a hurry is no fun at first.

What I wouldn't give to be able to play the piano and sing! The men want music and sing all the popular songs and old love songs.—L. A.

### Become Confidantes.

DO YOU know I have wanted to write you often, but I just hated to make you feel badly about not being over here. We have been here only a short time, but have had many experiences that show how much it means to the officers and men to have a chance to talk to American women.

If you could hear how they love to tell you all their troubles and show you the pictures of their families and their girls, and the way they stop on the street when they have never seen you before, just to tell you how glad they are to see some one from home and to ask you to shake hands with them, it would make your heart ache. Even the roughest of them say "God bless you" to us when they leave us.

The chaplain of a unit told us after we had been in one of the canteens a week that he had not believed in women canteen workers before we came here, but that we had converted him. He said he never could have believed that ten days could make such a change not only in the order and cleanliness of the room—that was a woman's work, of course—but in the men themselves, their manner of speaking, their brushed hair and clean hands.

Our room in town is in the home of the notary. It opens with a French window on the graveled path of a garden, with a high wall and flower beds, fountains and summerhouses.—M. O.

### A Thoughtful Hostess.

I HEARD a boy say last night, "I wrote my mother six weeks ago and not again till last night." I smiled at him and said, "Don't let it happen again. I've just come over and know how they long for letters at home." He came right up with his hand out and said as he shook hands, "Thank you, Miss, I'll try not to, and it will be easier now that the Y is here. You just can't write with eight fellows in a tent."

One boy said to A yesterday, "Do you remember, Miss, the first day you came here? I looked up and saw two American ladies standing there and I felt you had come right from heaven."

We live about two miles from the hut in the house of a French family. We have a dear little Georgette, who comes in shortly after 6, lights our fire and brings us each a cup of chocolate and two pieces of hard brown bread (which is breakfast). Her husband was killed last spring. When she told us and showed us his picture in a locket we all cried. Can't you see us? We came in cold the other night to find our slippers on the corners of our wee square porcelain stove. Wasn't it sweet of her? She is 21, and so pretty and eager to make us comfortable.—H. R.

# For the Woman Who Sews or Embroiders

### A New Apron.

IT WAS a very pretty apron that the hostess slipped over her head and fastened about her before she vanished into the tiny kitchenette to prepare a festive Sunday night supper. And when one examined it closely, it was really quite simple. The material was linen crash, which, as most housekeepers know, is not very wide, only eighteen inches or so, in fact. It was cut so long in front that it reached nearly down to the hem of the dress, while at the back it was gathered into a two or two and a half inch belt at the waist. In front it was gathered slightly into the belt, which was fastened at one side with a large button covered with the crash. For the neck opening a horizontal oval was cut large enough to allow the apron to be slipped over the head without disarranging the hair. This, like the lower edge of the apron, was finished off with buttonholing in coarse mercerized cotton of Chinese blue. In the middle of the front was a bluebird design, embroidered in the same kind of cotton. A smaller design in blue adorned the button.

### Spool Toys.

DID you ever try saving empty spools and when you are using different colored dyes dip the spools in and see what cute building blocks they make for a small child at no expense?

### A Very Dainty Embroidered Doily.

By ELIZABETH BERNE.

VERY dainty, yet practical and inexpensive is this embroidered doily. It can be made of either white or ecru linen. A set of them is an excellent way of utilizing the small pieces of linen left from other work. Every needleworker has several of these small pieces left from other work. It is a practice inherited from our grandmothers to save the small pieces cut out from corners of round centerpieces, oblong serving cloths, etc.

These will make five-inch, six-inch or seven-inch doilies. These can be made in sets or separately. Three shades of embroidery cotton are used. I prefer the six-strand cotton, except on very heavy linen; then the No. 5 hard twisted is the best. These may be three shades of the same color, as blue, brown, green or rose, or they can be a combination of colors. If the latter, one can use her own taste in combining shades. As each doily requires so little of each shade any small quantity of thread remaining from other work can be used to a good advantage. We all enjoy using these little odds and ends about our work baskets. The work is so simple that a beginner or small child need not fear to start it; the only stitch used is the outlining stitch. As I heard a small pupil of mine exclaim: "That is just as easy as walking, only I use stitches instead of my feet," and she was right. For the edge, turn the hem once to the right side, sew by machine. The tension should be loose. Then sew the cluny lace over this hem and one will have an edge which will stand the wear without fraying. To make this lace lie flat, draw up the top thread so the scallops lie perfectly flat; after the lace is dampened and pressed it will lie without a wrinkle, as tho it were woven round.

### Organdie Neckwear.

ORGANDIE collars are piped with gingham. Filet lace is still in high fashion for high and low collars.

### Edging for Veils.

PARIS favors ribbon of a contrasting hue as an edging on even the most delicate tulle veils.

### Daring Fads.

THE use of wooden beads is widespread. Many American Indian effects are used by the French.

### Hard Boiled Sergeant.

AT A REGULAR Saturday morning inspection, a private was not wearing his belt.

First Sergeant—"Have you a belt?"

Private—"No, sir."

First Sergeant—"You report to the quartermaster sergeant for a new one, and don't forget to tell him to charge you for the one you lost. I'll stop this carelessness!"

Private—"All right, top, but I loaned you the belt about two months ago."

### Glad, Rather.

"ARE the Comeups in mourning for their rich uncle who left them so much money?"

"No, they are only in black for him."

## Into the Primitive.

(Continued From Page 21.)

draw back. "You oughtn't to decide now. When you get back among your friends, things may look different. Think of your society friends! Wait till you see me with other men—gentlemen! I'm just a rough, uncultured, ordinary——"

"Hush!" she cried, and she again placed her hand on his mouth. "You sha'n't say such cruel things about Tom—my Tom—the man I trust—that I——"

Her arms slipped about his neck, and her eyes shone up into his with tender radiance.

"Don't!" he begged hoarsely. "'Tain't fair! I—I can't stand it!"

"The man I love!" she whispered.

He crushed her to him in his great arms.

"My little girl!—dear little girl!" he repeated, and he pressed his lips to her hair.

She snuggled her face closer against his shoulder, and replied in a very small voice, "I—I suppose you know that ship captains can m-marry people."

"But I haven't even a job yet!" he exclaimed. "Suppose your father——"

"Please listen!" she pleaded. There was a sound like suppressed sobbing.

"What is it?" he ventured, and he listened, greatly perturbed. The muffled voice sounded very meek and plaintive: "I'll try to do my part, Mr. Blake—really I will! I—I hope we can manage to struggle along—somehow. You know, I have a little of my own. It's only three—three million; but——"

"What!" he demanded, and he held her out at arm's length, to stare at her in frowning bewilderment. "If I'd known that, I'd——"

"You'd never have given me a chance to—to propose to you, you dear old silly!" she cried, her eyes dancing with tender mirth. "See here!"

She turned from him, and back again, and held up a withered, crumpled flower. He looked, and saw that it was the amaryllis blossom.

"You—kept it!"

"Because—because, even then, down in the bottom of my heart, I had begun to realize—to know what you were like—and, of course, that meant——Tom, tell me! Do you think I'm utterly shameless? Do you blame me for being the one to—to——"

"Blame you!" he cried. He paused to put a finger under her chin and raise her down-bent face. His eyes were very blue, but there was a twinkle in their depths. "Oh, yes; it was dreadful, wasn't it? But I guess I've no complaint to file just now."

The End.

### Strong Proof.

"DOES your wife object to your smoking in the house?"

"Not verbally," said Mr. Gadspur.

"No?"

"But I have so little difficulty in reading her thoughts that I'm convinced there must be a great deal of truth in mental telepathy."

### Crossed Wires.

"HOW do you like the ragout Henry? It's a war recipe Mrs. Benton gave me over the phone."

"To be perfectly frank, my dear, it tastes as if the wires had got crossed."


### REMOVE BUNIONS THIS WAY.

No need now to suffer a day longer with your bunion if you hurry a postal with your name and address to the Foot Remedy Co., 3604 W. 26th St., Chicago, Ill., who have agreed to send free, to any subscriber of this paper, their marvelous bunion cure. It instantly relieves the pain. They want you to tell your friends how it cured you.—Adv.

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# The Hero Part

## By Florence L. Henderson

[Copyright.]

A HAUGHTY, statuesque girl met Lane Griscom at the door of the Beverly home on the occasion of the first visit to that domicile.

"Miss Beverly?" he inquired respectfully.

"Yes, what is your business?" came incisive as the challenge of some official censor.

"I wish to see Mr. Beverly. I have important business with him."

"My father is not in a condition to receive visitors——" the same inflexibility of tone, the same compressed lips.

"Pardon me, but I am Lane Griscom, and I have come——"

Miss Marcia Beverly drew herself up haughtily. A bitter expression crossed her face. Young Griscom felt its contemptuous reproach.

"Yes," she spoke between set, cold lips, "you had, perhaps, better see him. I hope it is to restore to him the money of which your father robbed him."

Lane Griscom turned pale. He trembled, but faced the cruel, unjust charge without a quiver.

"Madam," he said icily, "my father is dead. Spare his memory. He was a just, honest man. That is why I am here to make reparation, if it is in my power."

She led him into the house, paused at a closed door, stood aside, motioned that he might enter, her lips curved in fine scorn.

This had happened: John Beverly had been stricken down in his prime, a helpless invalid on the eve of his failure in business. All was swept away from him except his home, which was in the name of his daughter, Marcia. That, too, he would have turned over to his creditors, but Marcia had resisted in her hard, determined way.

In a distant city the father of Lane Griscom had suffered a like wreck of business. The blow had killed him. When his estate was settled up Lane had found a claim of $5,000 borrowed money, due to the unfortunate John Beverly.

Now the son entered the room in which John Beverly sat in an invalid's chair. Wan despair was in the aged face, but his eye lit up with a glad, sudden light.

"I know you," spoke Mr. Beverly eagerly "You are the son of my dear old friend, William Griscom. I would know you anywhere from the resemblance. Poor dear friend—and you his son! Welcome, welcome, indeed!"

"I bring you poor news," said Lane sadly. "My father's estate has barely paid the secured claims. The executor refused to admit yours with the preferred ones. The only hope for the future is the favorable settlement of a suit against the Union Steel Company, and they may litigate that for years."

"Don't mind that," cheered Mr. Beverly, but he sighed as he said it. "I thought so much of your father that I refused to take his note. It was a loan of friendship, and I am glad I did it."

"So," went on Lane, "I have come to work out the debt."

"To work it out?" repeated Mr. Beverly vaguely.

"Just that. I am young. I have ability. I have a proposition to make to you. I understand that you have no income, no prospects, nothing but your home here. I make you the plain proposition to allow me the privilege of sustaining your household expenses until my father's estate is definitely settled up. All I ask is a roof to shelter me, the happiness of contributing to your comfort and that of your family until you get strong and well again."

"That will never be," mourned Mr. Beverly sorrowfully. "No, no—I cannot accept the servitude of your young life."

"The privilege, you mean, sir," demurred Lane proudly.

At all events, so it was settled—a strange agreement. Marcia Beverly from the first treated Lane as an underling, a trespasser, but she made no effort to assist in sustaining the family, altho she was an expert musician. All the work of the house was left to her young sister, Ora, a sweet, energetic little creature who tried hard to atone for her sister's conduct to Lane by being friendly, even more, almost sisterly, toward the guest she honored for his rare devotion to the interests of the family.

"Your work must be very exacting," said gentle Ora to Lane one day.

"Not at all," disclaimed the energetic young fellow cheerily. "You mean the night work?"

"Yes, Mr. Griscom."

"Oh, I always craved the literary life," he evaded, for evasion it was, and the Beverlys understood that "he was doing something on a newspaper."

Lane left the house at 5 every afternoon. He reached home at 6 the following morning. He was neat as a pin as he sallied forth. He returned in the same trim. He would sleep for eight hours, and this was his regular program.

"I Know You."

Marcia seemed to devote her afternoons to visiting old aristocratic friends, bemoaning the cruel fall of the family from opulence to penury, as she termed it. She never seemed to experience the least sentiment of gratitude toward Lane, who provided the means not only to maintain the household in comfort, but at times in luxury.

The two hours generally passed in the afternoon in the house with Ora became a period of real pleasure with Lane. As to Mr. Beverly, from the day that Lane came into their home with his bright, cheery ways, the old man seemed to take a new interest in life.

"He is a noble son of a truly good man," said Mr. Beverly one evening when Lane was absent, and Marcia's lip curled, but Ora joined in the praises of her father.

One evening Marcia and Ora received an invitation to accompany a party of friends on a novel nocturnal expedition.

"Not slumming," Ora told her father. "The Driscolls are going to visit the great steel works at the edge of the city. They say it is a wonderful sight, the furnaces, the molten, casting beds. You won't be lonesome if I go with Marcia, father, dear?"

"Not a bit of it, my love," answered Mr. Beverly. "Lane has brought me an excellent book and I shall fully enjoy a few hours of quiet, entertaining reading."

So Marci and Ora went with the Driscolls in their automobile. The leader of the party was a stockholder in the great plant. Its operation in full activity was a marvelous spectacle.

"And here," explained the guide, reaching a special part of the works, "is the crucial star department. These four men in the puddling pit are experts who earn $15 a shift. They work, as you see, disrobed to the waist. Observe the deftness with which they manipulate those fireballs of ingots."

Marcia gave a start. Ora noticed it. Her own eyes followed the direction of Marcia's fixed glance. One of the busy workers of picked men in an expert line was—Lane Griscom!

She understood at last. Marcia hurried them away; she had solved the oracle, too. This strange young bondman of the family, brought up to a practical training in the plant his father had once owned, instead of being a newspaper man, was devoting his energies to one of the most arduous, dangerous callings in the industrial line in order to pay his father's debt!

Ora did not sleep all night. She was on the porch in the morning when Lane came home. She was purposely waiting for him. Her heart was full to overflowing as she realized how fully he was guarding his menial occupation from them. She comprehended that he must devote an hour or more to removing the grime and grease after his laborious tasks, so as to appear at home a gentleman of polite business activity.

Ora went up to him. She had thought out what she would say to him, but emotion overcame her.

"You hero!" she sobbed, and ran away, leaving him amazed, her eyes overflowing.

That afternoon Mr. Beverly called his daughters into his room. Ora had told him her discovery. Sternly, determinedly, John Beverly informed Marcia that they must give up their luxurious home. He would no longer allow Lane Griscom to slave his life out to keep her in idleness.

Lane Griscom entered the room, a letter just received in his hand. His face was shining.

"Dear friends," he cried, "good news, great news! The big lawsuit is sustained in our favor, and the estate will receive over $50,000."

Marcia flounced out of the room. Her perversity had prevented her spreading a net for a rich husband. And Mr. Beverly and loyal Ora were left to tell Lane Griscom what they thought of his noble sacrifice.

And when Ora was gone Lane spoke his mind to Mr. Beverly.

"I now have a fortune," he said, "which makes us all comfortable. Oh, my dear old friend! Can I have something else? Can I have—Ora?"


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Our plan gives you this new model Black Beauty Bicycle at once. Easy pay ments; no need to "save up." We ship

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*Freight Prepaid.* Keep it if you like it—pay small deposit, then $1.00 a week; or return at our expense. No risk at all. Guar. 5 yrs.

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**$9.00 Vitalic De Luxe Tires**

WRITE TODAY for Plan and big Black Beauty Catalog (in colors). FREE. Pick out your model.

Sundries. *Save money. Get our factory-price Sundries Catalog. Bicycle parts, accessories and supplies—everything for cyclists.*

HAVERFORD CYCLE CO., (Est. 22 Yrs.) Dept. K30, PHILADELPHIA

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and bugs, **Simply Note** which foodstuff they are after, and stir **Rough on Rats** into a removed portion of it. Having no odor or taste they naturally eat it. **"Don't Die In The House."** *"Always Does the Work and Does It Right."* End them all to-night with a 35c or 50c box. At Drug and General Stores. Used the world over. Used by U. S. Govt. *Try it.*

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Open Legs, Ulcers, Enlarged Veins, Eczema healed while you work. Write for book "How to Heal My Sore Legs at Home." Describe your case.
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Treated One Week Free. Short breathing relieved in a few hours; swelling and water reduced in a few days; regulates liver, kidneys, and heart. Write for Free Trial Treatment. Collum Dropsy Remedy Co., Dept. 6, Atlanta, Ga.

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Victor J. Evans & Co., 697 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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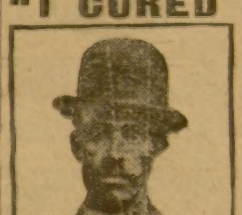


80 pounds.

Every sufferer from Weak Lungs—everyone afflicted with chronic cough—should read this remarkable history of a druggist, afflicted with Tuberculosis, who experimented on himself seeking a road to health. With his simple treatment any cough-racked, tortured person may find quick relief in a home treatment. Soothing, pleasant, anyone may use it under plain directions. Just send name and address on post card to ADDILINE, 1270 Capital Trust Bldg., Columbus, Ohio.

158 pounds.

## What Birds Say.

"JEE-ZEE-ZEE-EE" is the song of many of the warblers. The black-throated green warbler is said to sing, "Cheese, cheese, a little more cheese!" and as you listen to the song you can catch something about cheese in it! Bradford Torrey interprets the same song as "Trees, trees, murmuring trees!" so you see we do not all think alike.

It is interesting indeed to take the different interpretations and attempt to hear the wording for ourselves. One summer, not long since, I was visiting an uncle in lower New Hampshire, writes Walter K. Putney in Our Dumb Animals. We heard a towhee sing his beautiful little melody, which causes him to be called chewink. That was not disputed; he certainly did say "chewink" very plainly indeed. But when we came to interpret his other and longer song we certainly had an argument. I declared that he distinctly said, "Where's your breeze?" while my father declared with emphasis that he very plainly announced that it was time to "pick your peas!" After we had talked for some time a friend told us that the common interpretation around any section where country dances were held was "Dick, you fiddle-iddle-iddle."

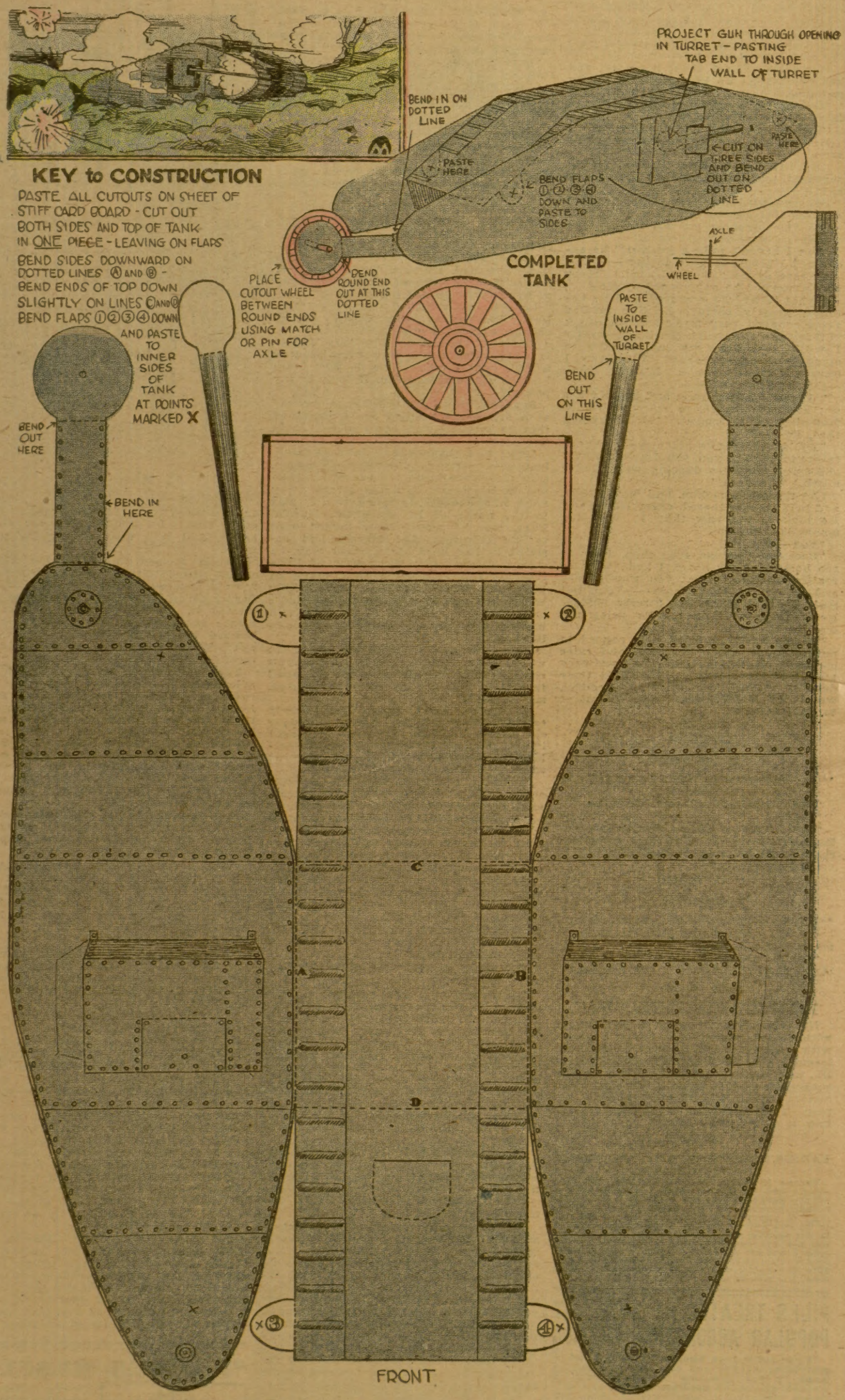
That bright golden summer spot, the goldfinch, is one of the most cheerful of our feathered friends, and yet no two people can agree upon what he sings. "Hear me, hear me, dearie?" is one way his song is put to words, while another is, "So here we go, so here we go!" Never mind, I always had my own idea of what he says, and I think that anybody ought to hear the same words in his song. They are, "Cheery, now, be cheery," and his whole attitude reflects cheerfulness. But I suppose that you will have your own way of wording that song, and you have a perfect right to do so; that's half the fun in bird work!

There are many of our common birds that will fully repay you for the time you spend in listening to them. The earliest is the song sparrow, and Thoreau expressed the song as, "Maids, maids, maids! Hang on your tea-kettle-ettle—ettle!" Then there is the bluebird, who sings with happiness as he announces that spring is at his heels and exclaims: "Dear, dear! Think of it, think of it!" The disgusted flicker as he turns from some capering smaller creature exclaims, "Wit? What wit! What wit! What wit!" The Baltimore oriole has evidently been having a hard time persuading his mate to do something he has been urgently seeking. Finally she assents, and he exclaims, "Will you? Will you really, really, truly?" and she answers, "I will."

The tanager is impatient, or perhaps he thinks his mate is, for he says, "Pshaw! Wait, wait, wait for me. Wait!" And so we may find in bird life the same kind of talk that we human beings hear among ourselves. One of the greatest pleasures is to spend a portion of each day in listening to those songs about you and interpreting them. You will note that there are many ventriloquists in the trees; that the songs of different individuals vary; that you can fit one interpretation to one singer and not to his neighbor of the same color; that there are a thousand and one things in bird songs and calls that you never noticed before, altho you had heard them over and over again. It is lots of fun; just try it and see!

## CUTOUT OF AN AMERICAN TANK

**To Get the Best Results You Should First Paste This Drawing on Cardboard or Stiff Wrapping Paper. Then Follow Directions and You Will Have a Patriotic Novelty. Another Will Be Published Next Week.**


KEY to CONSTRUCTION
PASTE ALL CUTOUTS ON SHEET OF STIFF CARD BOARD - CUT OUT BOTH SIDES AND TOP OF TANK IN ONE PIECE - LEAVING ON FLAPS
BEND SIDES DOWNWARD ON DOTTED LINES Ⓐ AND Ⓑ - BEND ENDS OF TOP DOWN SLIGHTLY ON LINES Ⓒ AND Ⓓ
BEND FLAPS ①②③④ DOWN AND PASTE TO INNER SIDES OF TANK AT POINTS MARKED X
BEND OUT HERE
BEND IN HERE
PLACE CUTOUT WHEEL BETWEEN ROUND ENDS USING MATCH OR PIN FOR AXLE
BEND ROUND END OUT AT THIS DOTTED LINE
BEND IN ON DOTTED LINE
PASTE HERE
BEND FLAPS ①②③④ DOWN AND PASTE TO SIDES
PROJECT GUN THROUGH OPENING IN TURRET - PASTING TAB END TO INSIDE WALL OF TURRET
CUT ON THREE SIDES AND BEND OUT ON DOTTED LINE
COMPLETED TANK
AXLE
WHEEL
PASTE TO INSIDE WALL OF TURRET
BEND OUT ON THIS LINE
FRONT

## Wise Old Jocko.

DAN taught little Walter to swim when he was five. The big collie, Jocko, could swim already. When he was swimming beside the two boys, Dan had a bright idea.

"Jocko, old boy," he coaxed, "take me in."

As he spoke he laid his hands lightly on Jocko's back. The big collie did not understand Dan's action. He could not swim so well, for Dan was heavy. But he was a good-natured dog, so he swam for shore.

"You are a splendid dog," declared Dan, and he petted Jocko until the faithful fellow felt very happy.

Walter learned to swim easily. Jocko usually swam beside him. When Walter was ready to go ashore he laid his hands lightly on Jocko's rough back and the big dog dragged him in.

"Some day," said Dan, "you may be in trouble and you will be glad of Jocko's aid."

Their cousin Ralph laughed loudly at Dan.

"Just as if that old dog could save anybody," he said, scornfully.

Ralph was obstinate. He was a good swimmer and he always swam out far beyond the others. Strong, careful Dan took no chances and would not be dared by Ralph. He made the little boys obey him and stay near shore. But Ralph did as he pleased and sported around in the middle of the pond.

One day he stayed too long and used up all his strength. He was too weak to call. But careful Dan spied him.

"Go and bring Ralph in, Jocko," he ordered, pointing to the boy in the middle of the pond.

Jocko picked up his long ears and then darted thru the water. Dan followed him, but Jocko reached Ralph's side first.

"Put your hands on his back, Ralph," shouted Dan.

Ralph had just enough strength to obey orders. As soon as the dog felt the lad's hands on his shoulders he started for shore. Dan met them and helped the faithful fellow with his burden.

Ralph was very grateful when he stood on the shore.

"Jocko and you saved my life," he said over and over, "and I'll join the Band of Mercy, if you like, Dan."

## Conundrums.

IF I WERE in the sun and you were out of it, what would the sun become? Answer—Sin.

Why is a book like a king? Answer—Because it has a title and many pages.

What profession has a postman? Answer—He is a man of letters.

What is the first thing a man sets in his garden? Answer—His foot.

Why do people look over a stone wall? Answer—Because they can't see thru it.

Why did Adam bite the apple that Eve gave him? Answer—Because he had no knife to cut it with.

When is a boy not a boy? Answer—When he is a-bed.

## The Substitute.

(Continued From Page 23.)

me the wrong powders. But, anyhow, I'm darn glad I had that pain and had to have good Ol "Doc Ammons" to prescribe for me.'

"Ammons took it better than I thought he would. He was a thirty-third degree sport all right. He seemed to be one of them fellers who's always got a trump card up his sleeve. Why, he actually burst into a hearty laugh and tried to pass it off as a joke, and citin' the pass and letters from your pocket to prove it was you. He convinced me, I'll admit, but that sort of gibberish didn't go with Sam Burley, who hailed from Missouri, and he held on to his man with a steel-trap grip until he proved what he knew from the second he first got a good peep at Ammons under the electric bulb."

And so a paper of mixed powders and a piece of cardboard gave me my adventure, and, what is more—for success is an inconsistent goddess—I found myself a hero in spite of my blundering.

### How It Happened.

THE whole of Slosh-in-the-Mud had been grumbling for ages about the general rockiness of the local railway. It made sailors home on leave seasick. But one day, to every one's huge surprise, the train ran quite smoothly for a mile or two.

A man in the last carriage hung out and excitedly asked the guard the reason.

"Hush!" cautioned that official. "Don't tell any one! We've been off the track for the last half hour!"

### Quite a Handful.

TWO miners were rivals for the hand of the village belle. The man who seemed to be winning had large, prominent ears, so was not at all pleased when he heard that his rival had threatened to pull them for him if he did not leave the girl alone.

"He says he'll pull my ears, does he?" he fumed to his friends. "Well, if he undertakes to pull my ears he'll jolly well have his hands full!"

"He will that!" said his friends, and rocked with laughter.

# Classified Want Ads

## Classified Want Ad Information

If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY - - - - Publisher

### AGENTS WANTED

**SALESMEN AND AGENTS—BE INDEPENDENT**—make money, build a business of your own; we want men and women with automobile or rig preferred, to handle the Eltinolen phonograph in town and country, from house to house; it's a winner; sells at half the price of others; looks, plays and sounds just as good; plays all records without extra attachment; show it—play it—sell it; hundreds of others are doing it; easy profits of $60 to $100 a week; real workers make much more; write quick and get good territory. Charles H. Elting & Co., 1516 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT** as my agents and take orders for Comer raincoats. I paid Eli Bridge $88.95 for orders taken during his spare time in one week. Cooper made $314 last month. Wonderful values. A dandy coat for $3.98. Four average orders a day gives you $2,500 a year profit and an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-124, Dayton, Ohio.

**TAKE ORDERS UNDER THE "MADISON System"** selling greatest cutlery bargain ever offered. Valuable premium to your customers. We make all deliveries to your customers sending you commission check every Saturday. No money required. $1,000 in prizes to our agents in addition to regular commissions. Cascade Merchandise Corporation, 873 L. C. Smith Building, Seattle, Washington.

**AGENTS: A BRAND NEW HOSIERY** proposition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and fancy stripes. You can sell at less than store prices. Every home a prospect. Write for samples. Thomas Hosiery Co., 3311 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

**AGENTS—200% PROFIT. WONDERFUL** summer sellers; something new; sells like wildfire; carry in pocket; write at once for free sample. American Products Co., 5254 3rd St., Cincinnati, O.

**BOYS—GIRLS—EARN THRIFT STAMPS.** Be the first in your locality, send your name and we will send 30 bottles of high grade perfume to sell at 10c each. When sold send $2.00. You keep $1.00. Eckhoff Laboratory, 2018 Grand St., St. Paul, Minn.

**AGENTS: SELL RICH-LOOKING IMPORTED** 36x68 rugs, $1 each. Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in four days; profit $57. You can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory; sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

**AGENTS—A NEW ONE: HARPER'S FIBRE** Broom and Ten-Use Brush Set Combined. Saves broom expense; lightens housework; easy seller; first order returnable. Harper Brush Works, Dep't. B, Fairfield, Ia.

**$10 TO $15 PER DAY HANDLING NEW** household articles. Big war time sellers. Outfit free. Territory going fast. Write quick. Dept. W. 56, Duo Co., Attica, N. Y.

**WE START YOU WITHOUT A DOLLAR—** Soaps, extracts, perfumes, toilet goods, experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 26 S. Main, St. Louis.

**AGENTS — I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME** that's a dandy. New stuff; 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick. Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

**YOU CAN MAKE GOOD, DURABLE PAINTS** and varnish 15c gallon. Emmelmann Bros. Mfg. Co., Dept. K, Indianapolis, Ind.

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**WANTED IMMEDIATELY—U. S. GOVERN-** ment wants thousands men—women, 18 or over for war positions. Easy clerical work. $100 month. List positions open free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 27, Rochester, N. Y.

**MEN, WOMEN, 18 OR OVER, WANTED IM-** mediately for U. S. Government war positions. Thousands clerical positions open, $100 month. Easy work. Write immediately for list positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. R 27, Rochester, N. Y.

**EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT** to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to make money—to better yourself—to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

**LEARN SHORTHAND IN 5 HOURS. THEN** speed quickly attained. Easy, practical; complete home study course only $5. Brochure with sample lesson, Free. King Institute, EB 178, Station F., New York.

### FEMALE HELP WANTED

**WANTED, TEN BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES** to travel, demonstrate and sell well known goods to established dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week; railroad fare paid; weekly advance for traveling expenses. Address at once, Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Nebr.

**WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT PRE-** paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Philadelphia, Pa.

**GIRLS—WOMEN WANTED. GOVERNMENT** war positions. $100 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. S 29, Rochester, N. Y.

### MALE HELP WANTED

**MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UN-** necessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries; expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 126, St. Louis.

**I WILL PAY ANY HONEST MAN UP TO $50** monthly for part of spare time. No canvassing. No capital. Write today. Voorhies, Desk 300, Omaha, Nebraska.

**FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN,** 8 hours, $140. Colored porters wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 686 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

**GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THOR-** ough instruction, $5. Returned if not appointed. Particulars free. American Civil Service School, Washington, D. C.

**BECOME DETECTIVES—BIG PAY; EASY** work; free particulars. Captain Wagner, 186 East 79th, New York.

**BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPOR-** tunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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**WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE** write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 So. Dearborn St., Suite 106, Chicago.

### SONG POEMS

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**LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS** business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Complete outfits sold on installments. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Morton Building, Chicago.

**$100 TO $200 PROFIT WEEKLY.** COMplete moving picture outfit; machines, films, etc., furnished on easy payment plan. No experience needed. Free book explains everything. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 1-A., 228 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

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**CASH FOR WILD ROOTS, ETC. $1-$5-LB.** Learn business. Stamp for list 900 plants. "Facts." Bx. 999, Badger Medical Plant Growers (buyers-exporters), Rhinelander, Wis.

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**DO YOU WANT $2000 A YEAR INCOME** without any work, worry or inconvenience? Then investigate our co-operative fig orchard enterprise. $5 starts you owning a fine magnolia fig orchard and interest in co-operative preserving factory. Best figs grown. Estimated profits from 5 acre orchard $2,325.00 annually, or more. Demand for magnolia figs cannot be supplied on account of the limited area for growing and lack of facilities for preserving fruit for the market. Best investment on earth. Assures you an orchard home in the most fascinating country in the world and an independent income for life. Present offer limited. Our free book tells all. Send for it today. Address, Gulf Coast Fig Orchards Association, 523, Dept. 33, Merchants Bank Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

**OPPORTUNITIES FOR LARGE PROFIT** are more numerous in the South than any part of the U. S. Many fortunes have been made by the grasping of these great opportunities and they are coming up daily for the man on the ground. We take advantage of the best, in our company which is made up of non-resident stockholders. By this method practically all risk is eliminated and chance for large profit multiplied. For full information regarding this unique investment plan, write Southern Resources Company, 501-2 Kress Bldg., Houston, Texas.

**STARTLING DISCOVERY MAKES OLD** tires new; guaranteed additional 5,000 miles at less than half cost of new tires; makes tires puncture and blowout proof. Used universally in war zone. Big war time seller; old established company wants man with ability in each county; open small plant and handle local business; $500 to $3,000 capital required. Should make $5,000 to $15,000 annually. Address McConnell, 810, 20 East Jackson, Chicago.

**$2 PAYS FOR 100 SHARES BY RETURN** mail, and also holds for 30 days 1,000 shares of Money-Back Oil Company (at present price), now drilling in Wyoming, on 16-well joint producing and refining agreement. Three producing wells guaranteed under money-back guarantee, issued by two national and two state banks. Money-Back Oil Co., 308 Foster Bldg., Denver, Colo. Agents wanted.

**$1 MAY START YOU TO FORTUNE. GET** your share of millions being paid in oil dividends. An interest in our cooperative well may earn you $100 monthly. Full information, complete maps free. Write today. General Offices, Sourlake Texas Oil Co., 566 DeMenil, St. Louis, Mo.

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**DIAMONDS. ANOTHER PROSPECTIVE DIA-** mond mine opened up in Arkansas. Liberal offer to all. Prospectus sent on application. Baggaly & Barnes, Waveland, Ark.

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**TO SUFFERING MEN AND WOMEN. IF** you have lame back, failing memory, loss of ambition, despondency, unfitting you for the ordinary duties of life; or if afflicted with any chronic nervous, blood, kidney or bladder disease. Remember; we are specialists in these diseases. Write; book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Dr. Meyers, 316 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

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**POOR MANS CHANCE: $5 MONTHLY** buys 40 acres productive land, near town, healthy location. Price $200. Other bargains. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

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**WHOLE TOMATOES KEPT A YEAR (COST** 3c bushel), no cooking or canning; recipe 25c. Z. Hurt, Alta Loma, Texas.

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**MAKE YOUR OWN ICE, 3 CHEAP POWDERS** in water freezes it solid. Directions 25c. Pubbureau, Stephenson, Mich.

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**MEN:—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO** restore strength to those troubled with nervous, weak, run-down and despondent conditions that undermine good health. Costs nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Cumberland Chemical Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

**MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEO-** ple, worth from $1,000 to $50,000 seeking early marriage; descriptions, photos, introductions free. Sealed. Either sex. Send no money. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

**MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE, REMEMBER** we cure varicocele, stricture, chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder and private diseases. Book symptom blank and advice free, sealed. Hinze Medical Institute, 23 Washington Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn.

**OLD FALSE TEETH BOUGHT FOR CASH.** Up to $30. Gold, silver, platinum, gold watches, jewelry, diamonds also wanted. Cash by return mail—subject to your approval. National Refining Co., Desk 2, Spencer, Nebraska.

**MARRY AT ONCE, WE PUT YOU IN COR-** respondence with thousands of charming and refined ladies who wish to marry, many worth from $1,000 to $25,000 and upwards. Particulars free. Address Allen Ward, B 520, Valley, Nebr.

**A LETTER TO DR. ROWE, THE SPECIAL-** ist, brings his serial No. 1 on varicocele, stricture & urinary diseases; every man should have it. Postage 4c. Send to day. Dr. Rowe, 112 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

**ATTRACTIVE YOUNG MAIDEN, 21, WORTH** $50,000. Anxious to marry honorable gentleman. K. Warn, 2216½ Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal.

**DO THE DEAD RETURN? HOW I FOUND** it out and what means to take to find it out yourself. Send 10c silver. Psychic School, 515 East 9th St., Kansas City, Mo.

**MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL** ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 21, Kansas City, Mo.

**MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH** photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

**FOR SPEEDY MARRIAGE, BEST, LARGEST** in country. Established 12 years. Thousands wealthy, confidential descriptions free. Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrubel, Oakland, Calif.

**MEN — "NERVO" QUICKLY CHECKS** weaknesses; no other medicine like it; works wonderfully. Box $1. Superior Supply House, 1440½ Niagara, Denver, Colo.

**2 BATHING BEAUTY POSES — POETRY** men like—gent's article—catalog and something else real good, 10c. Roderick Co., Logansport, Ind.

**MARRY—THOUSANDS LONELY, CONGE-** nial members, worth $25,000 up, will marry. Descriptions free. Ralph Hyde, San Francisco, Cal.

**I DARE YOU WRITE ME; WIDOW; WORTH** $50,000; lonely; will marry. G—, Mission Unity, San Francisco, Calif.

**MARRY A FARMER WORTH $40,000. FULL** particulars by return mail. H—, 253a Minna St., San Francisco, Cal.

**WOULD YOU MARRY? HUNDREDS PHO-** tos, genuine descriptions, free. Exchange, B193, Charlotte, Mich.

**GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL** paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

**PHOTOS! BATHING PEACHES FROM THE** beaches. Sent sealed 25c. H. Sarvis, Barnes City, Iowa.

**GET MARRIED—MANY WEALTHY CLIENTS** desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 92, Rosiere, N. Y.

# Ruptured?—

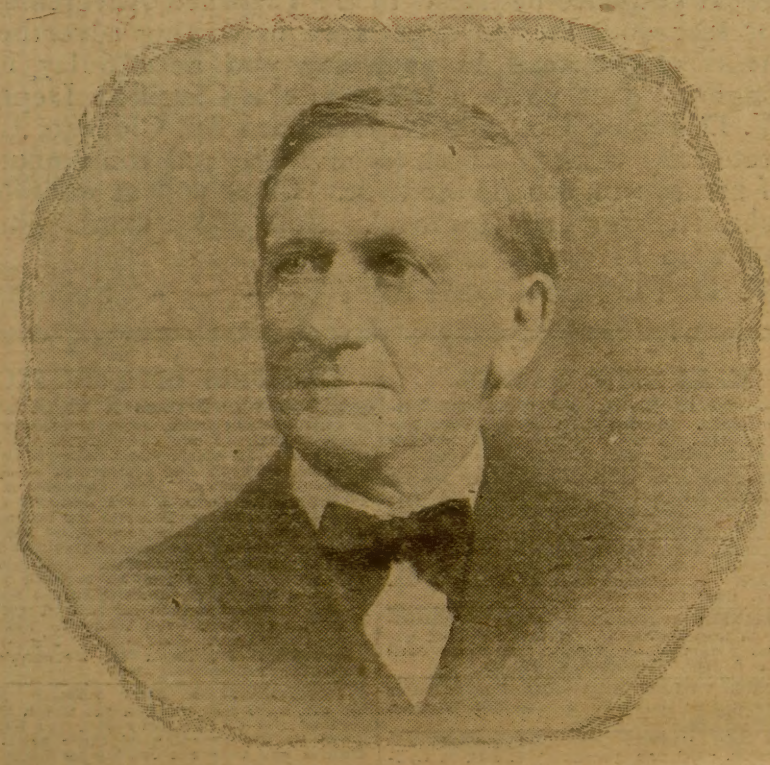
# Throw Away Your Truss!

**For Many Years We Have Been Telling You That No Truss Will Ever Help You—We Have Told You the Harm That Trusses Are Doing. We Have Told You That the Only Truly Comfortable and Scientific Device for Holding Rupture Is the Brooks Rupture Appliance—and That It Is**

## Sent on Trial to Prove It

If you have tried most everything else, come to us. Where others fail is where we have our greatest success. Send attached coupon today and we will send you free our illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing our Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, we use no salves, no harness, no lies.

We send on trial to prove what we say is true. You are the judge, and once having seen our illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as our hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try our Appliance or not.



The Above Is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

## Soundly Cured

### At the Age of 81

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Less than a year ago I sent to you for an appliance which came promptly. I at once put it on and it fitted perfectly. I have worn the appliance not quite 10½ months. **It has cured my rupture.**

I tried the other day while the appliance was off, to see if I could force anything out of the opening to make a break there but I could not though I tried hard.

Now I think this quite remarkable as I am in my eighty-first year. I am an old veteran of the Civil War, born and raised in the town of New Boston, State of New Hampshire, from which place I enlisted in the 10th N. H. Vol. Inft. in Co. C, commanded by Col. M. T. Donahue.

I cannot feel but that I owe you this testimony, for I had never expected to be cured. However, thanks be to God I found a cure through the valuable appliance you made for me.

Your friend,
E. A. Richards.

Holly Hill, Fla.

## Cured Without Operation

### "Was Sure He Would Be a Cripple"

Ada, Minn.
Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Enclosed is a picture of my children, and the little man you see seated on the chair is the one who was cured by your Appliance.

He had been ruptured quite a while before we wrote you, and I was sure that he would be a cripple the rest of his life. However, some helping hand showed me an ad. in a newspaper, with the result that he was in perfect health through the wearing of a Brooks Appliance for just three months.

The doctor advised an operation, which I would not consent to. Your advice was to put an Air Cushion Appliance on him, and I must say that it is worth ten times what it cost.

I wish you could have seen him before we used the Appliance and now, when he is fully as sound as anyone could be.

I cannot thank you too much for what you have done for my boy.

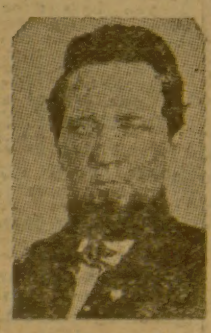
Yours respectfully,
OLIVER HANSON.

## Cured In Four Months

Box 662.
Washburn, Wis.
Dear Mr. Brooks:

Four years ago, when my little boy was a year and a half old, he became ruptured while playing. Six months later I went to my doctor and he told me an operation was necessary, as the rupture was so bad. About that time I saw your advertisement and promptly got one of your Appliances. The baby wore this for four months and he never knew he had it on. When I took it off he was as sound as a dollar and I can't thank you enough for this wonderful cure. You can refer anyone to me at any time. Yours very truly,
John Carlson.

## Veteran Cured



Mr. Wm. McAdams, of Kansas, Ill., is a veteran of Co. "H" 59. Regt. Ill. Vol. of which he was Second Lieutenant.

He has fought against the suffering and torment of Rupture for years and has finally won the victory, as the following brief letter tells:

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—I laid your appliance aside March 2nd and have not worn it for twenty-five days, for I think that I am cured. I hope that I may never have to wear it again.

Yours truly,
Wm. McAdams, Sr., Kansas Ill.

## Doctor Pronounces Him Cured

119 Towle Avenue,
Mishawaka, Ind.
Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Mr. Brooks:—

Answering your letter, will say we need no more Appliances, as our son has been completely cured by wearing your Appliance.

We recently had him examined, and the doctor said the opening was entirely closed and that it wasn't necessary to wear it longer.

Thanking you for your kindness, I am,
Yours very truly,
MRS. H. TOLLMAN.

## Remember

We send our Appliance on trial to prove what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

## Ten Reasons Why

### You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and our prices are so reasonable, our terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

## Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON.
80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

## Free Information Coupon

**BROOKS APPLIANCE CO.**
**316 D State St., Marshall, Michigan**

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

R. F. D. ..... City ..... State .....